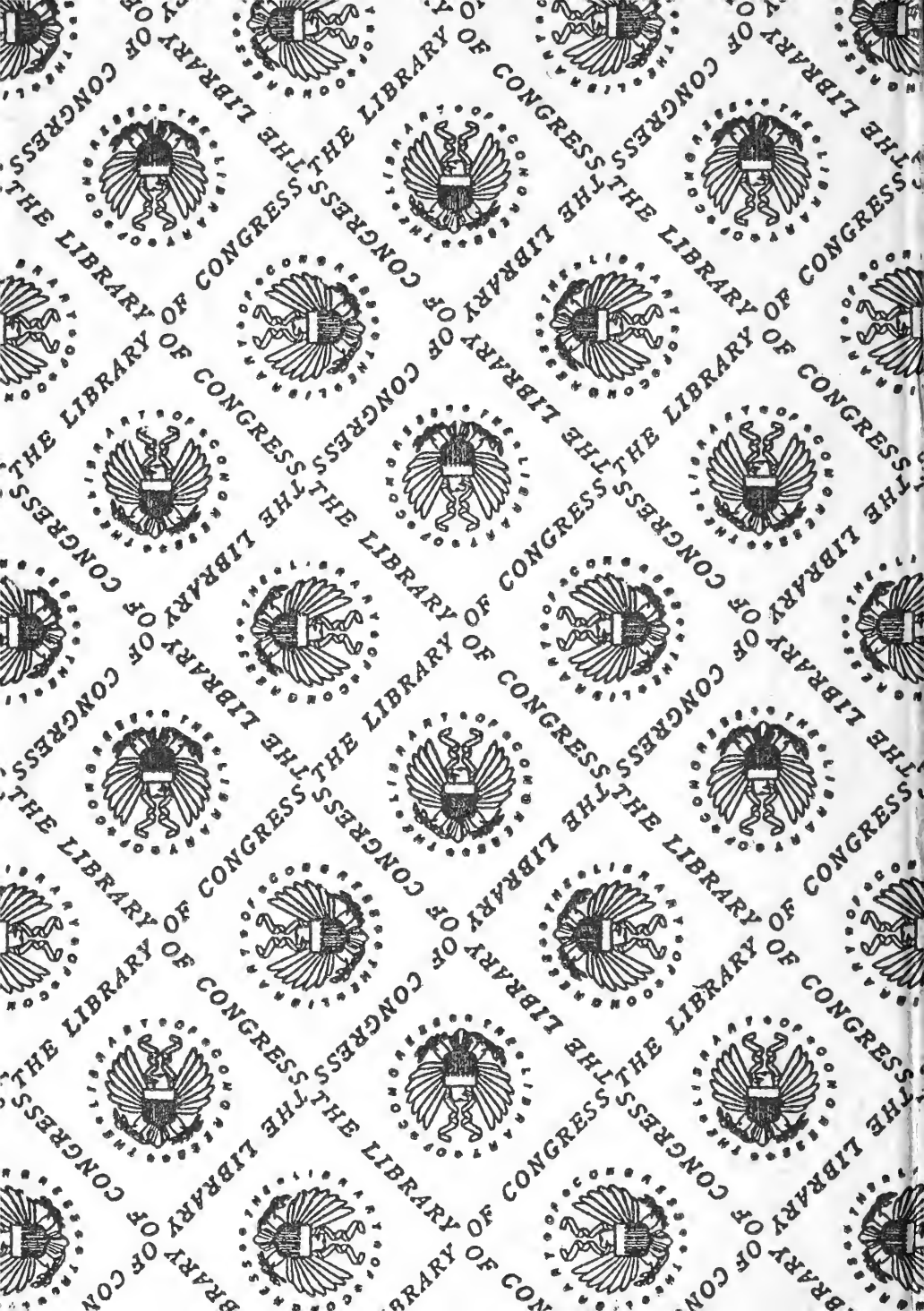


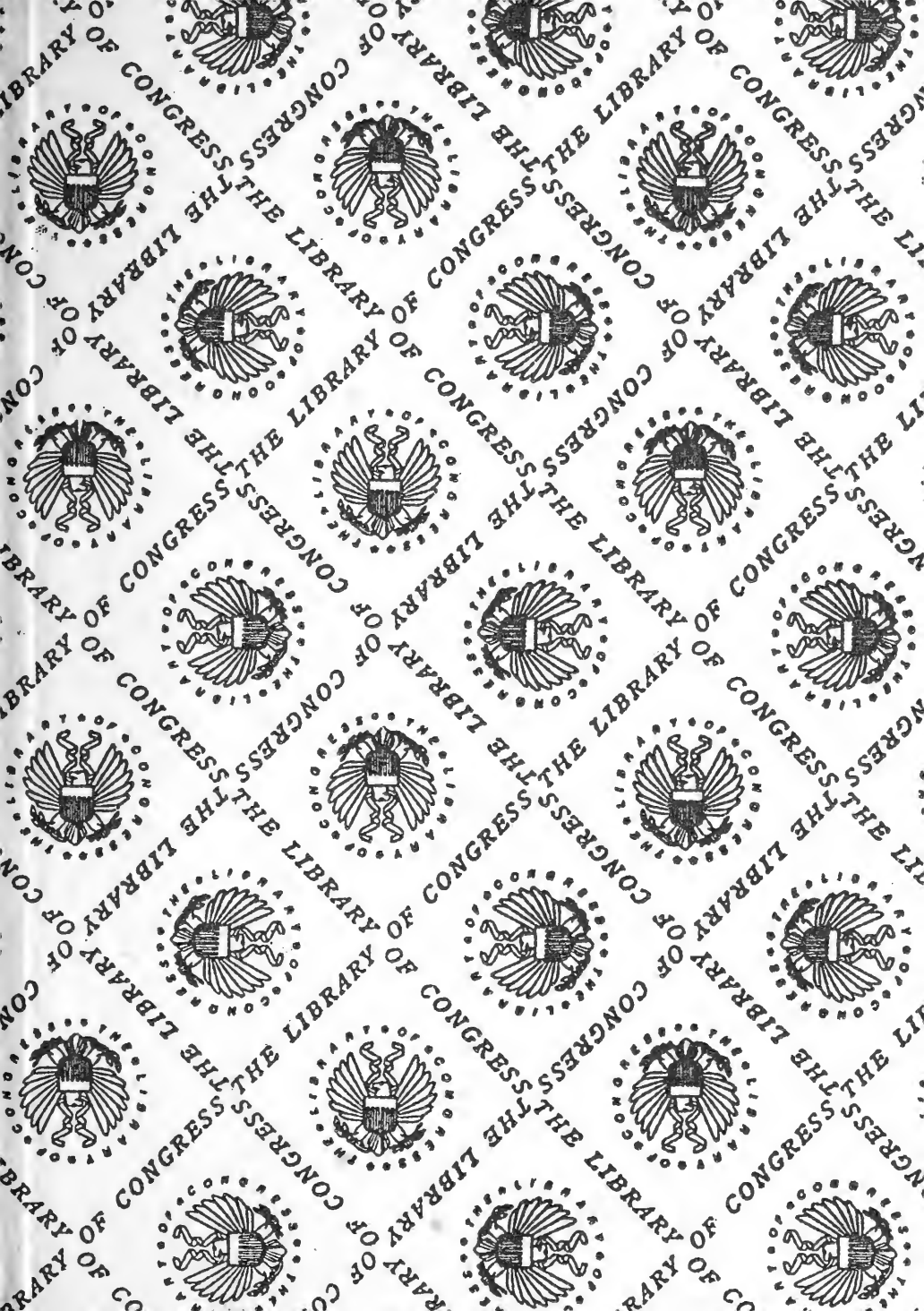
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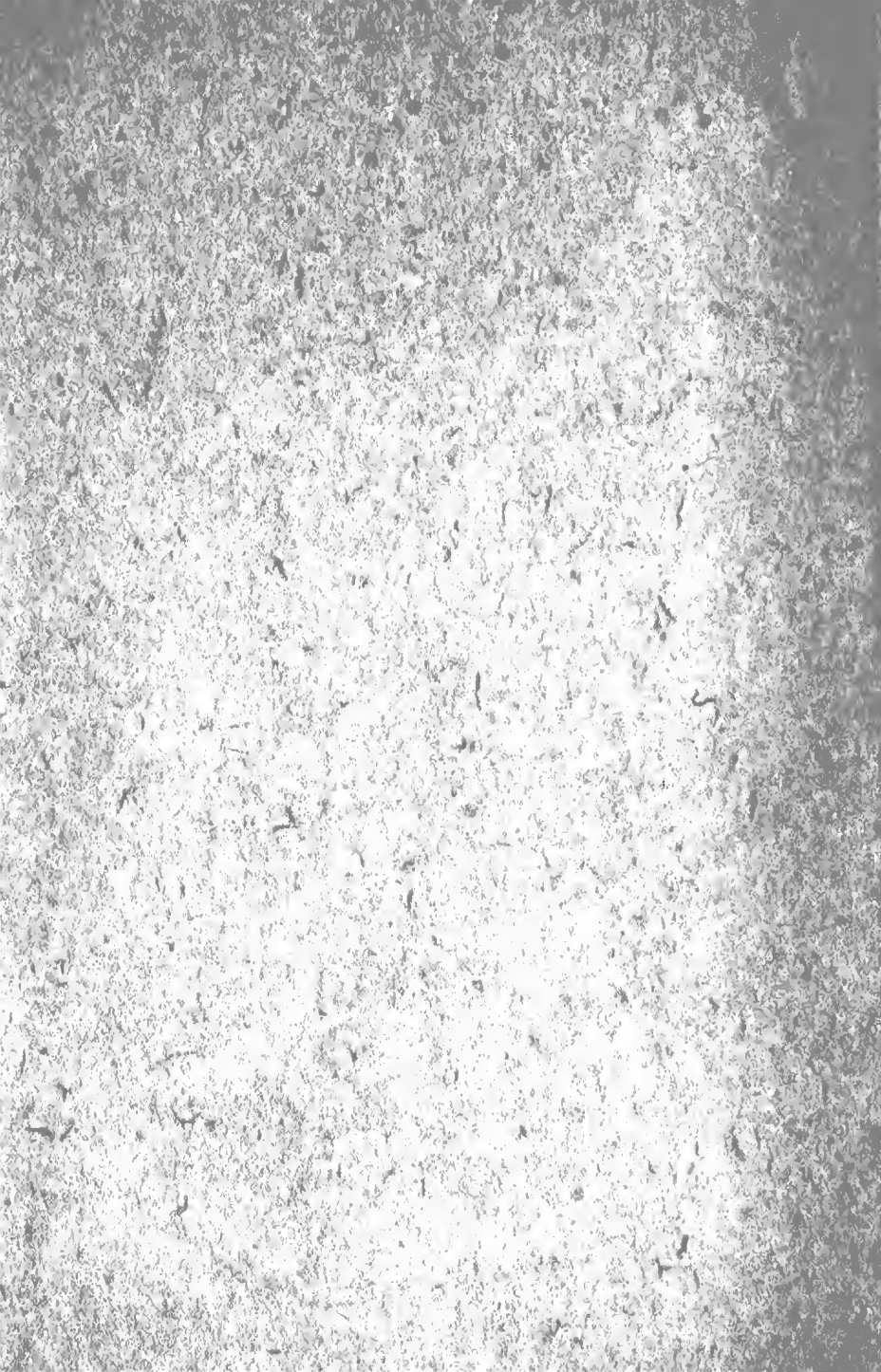


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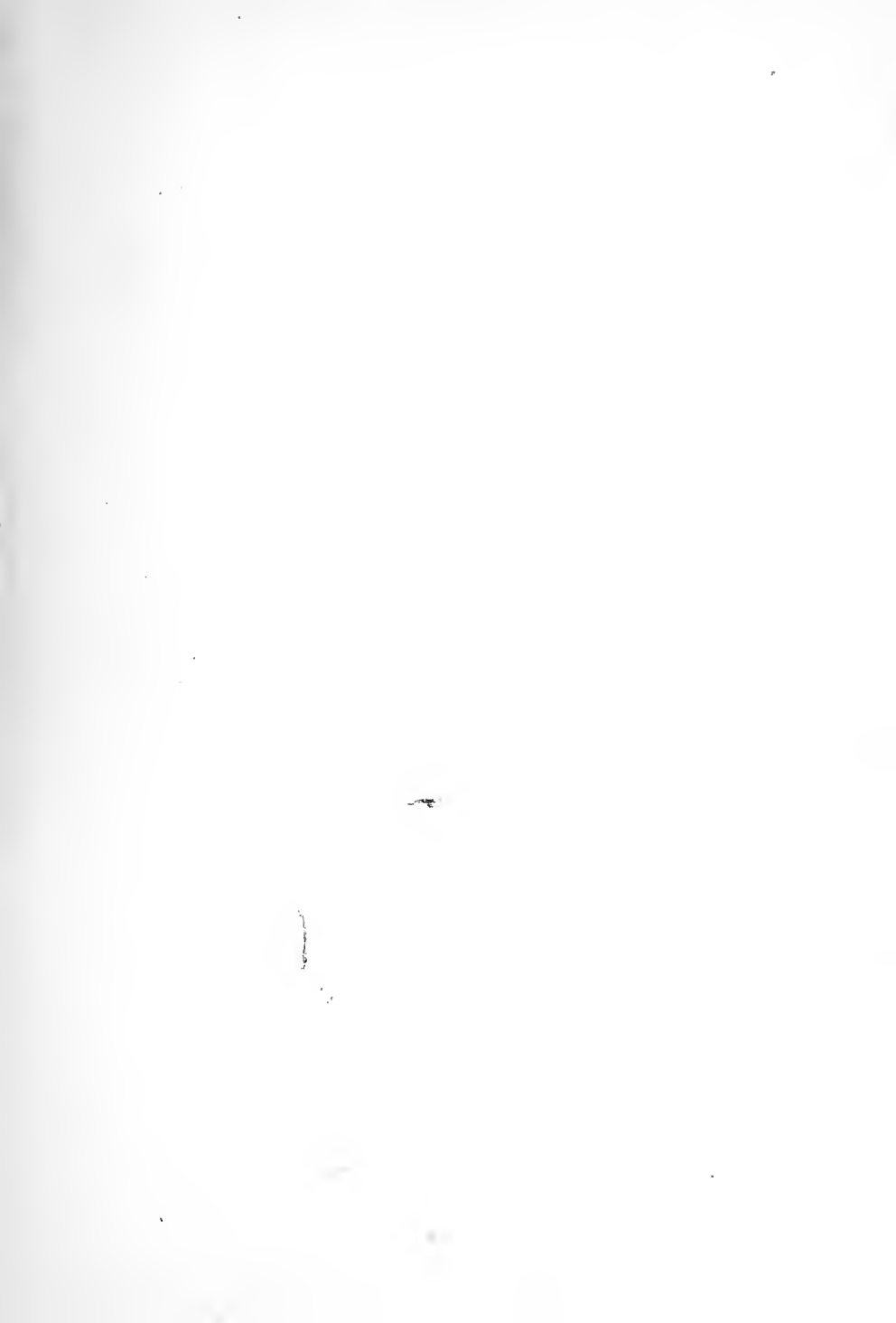














Esther C. Darrough.

“Going On Me Own.”

THE TRIFLING
SUMMER
ADVENTURES
OF A WOMAN
ABROAD.

BY ✓

ESTHER CHADDOCK DAVENPORT.
11

“In our course through life we shall meet the people who are coming to meet us from many strange places and by many strange roads, and what is set to us to do to them, and what is set to them to do to us, will all be done.”

BUFFALO, N. Y.
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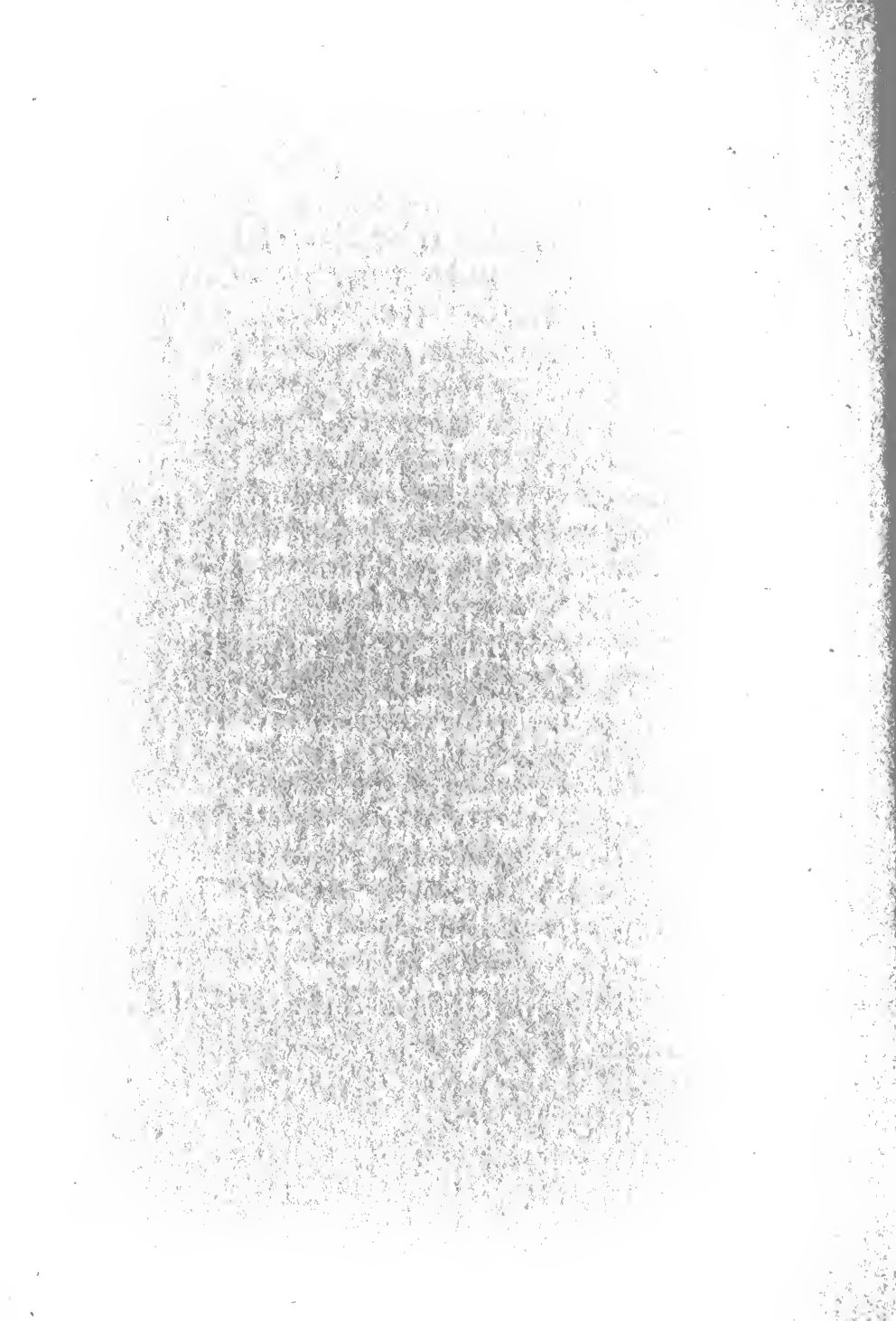
TO MY BELOVED DAUGHTER,

ADA LOUISE KENDALL,

WHO HAS SHARED THE FORTUNES OF MY LIFE,
SUCH AS THEY HAVE BEEN, THIS
BOOK IS INSCRIBED.

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HERE is one universal experience **Going Abroad.**

in going abroad, and that is in parting from the shore — over and over is the scene repeated — the stern of the outgoing vessels crowded with men, women and children, faces shoreward, eyes misted with tears, hands waving handkerchiefs, flags and flowers to another throng of men, women and children leaning out from the pier, similarly employed in weeping and waving good-byes.

Those who spare themselves this parting pang by saying their farewells at home, miss something, — something sadly sweet — those on shore the sadness of looking on

“ The last glint reddening on the sail
That sinks with those they love beneath the verge.”

For the outward-bound, there's the music, sad, but sweet, of voices beloved, mingling their parting cadence with the lapping of the waves that idly wait to bear the ship away ; the pressure of a hand that may clasp yours on earth no more ; a kiss that may seal a parting that takes hold of eternity.

However much ocean travel is belittled by those who "cross the pond," or "run over to Paris," most people realize that there are perils by sea, and that the brief days of its voyaging may stand as much for time as do unrelenting years, when those left behind fall under the hand of sickness and death.

All this surges over you with peculiar pain at that last moment, when you see the ropes thrown off, the bridge taken in, and the rift begins between the boat and land.

The din of horns and whistles, the creaking of the ship as she rounds once more for a foreign shore turn the attention inward; and life on ship-board has begun. There is the settling into state-rooms, the looking after baggage, the bustle in the saloon, where letters, telegrams, flowers and fruits await the passengers, those last loving reminders of home and friends. There are letters to write, to send in return by the pilot, there's the second steward to interview as to table sitting, and deck steward as to location of steamer chair, and above all, in duty to one's self, there's the beautiful New York bay to view critically, remembering that when your eyes rest on it again your gaze will

be so filled with tender lovingness that they will scarcely do full justice to its natural and constructed beauty.

Acquaintanceship is easily begun on shipboard — proximity at table, the rubbing arms of steamer chairs perform the first introductions ; accident, fate, affinity and whim do the rest. For diversion, there is shovelboard, cards, light skimming of light books and friendly gossip.

Mal de mer has little vogue, the one or two who fall under its spell receiving only pitying contempt for their pains. A ship on the horizon is a thing for everybody to see, and when one steams up on the starboard, and sends up its rock-ets, scarcely a minute elapses before the ship's side tips with the weight of the passengers.

A single small whale, spouting water, keeps up, in feeble fashion, the legend of the sea, and flying fish play about the bow, with over-flying Mother Carey's chickens to keep the sailors cheer.

Your cabin steward is devotion itself ; your table waiter, Franz, will, on request, bring you the moon on a salver ; and Peter, the deck steward — well, every woman on the passenger list knows exactly how many children he has waiting

for him in Antwerp, and that he has a good wife, and is paying for a little home.

Your ship has so timed its voyage that the Fourth of July finds you in mid-ocean, and good Capt. Kinne must have had his sailors climbing ropes the whole night previous by the appearance of the masts and ship's rigging on the morning of our National holiday. Hundreds of flags flutter in the breeze, those of the United States and Belgium entwined at the bow, and from the topmast floats the Stars and Stripes, emblem of home and country, than which there is none more blessed nor greater the wide world over.

The saloon is draped with flags, and the chef outdoes all previous efforts in the way of menus, by providing creme, George Washington; Kenebec salmon-a la McKinley; Pommes, Lafayette; Tomatoes a la Yorktown; Philadelphia chicken a la Roosevelt; Asparages, Bunker Hill; with entrées and dessert equally historic and patriotic. And the wonderful dishes and pyramids of pastry and confections which are served and ornament the table do honor to the renowned names they bear.

A little company of men and women arrange a programme for the evening, the proceeds of which

will swell the coffers of the Sailors', Widows' and Orphans' Fund. Mrs. Edward Everett Parker of Alton Place, Brookline, Mass., takes the lead, assisted by Prof. C. H. Dempsey, superintendent of education up in Vermont, and who is going abroad for the summer as conductor of one of the touring companies, his party chiefly made up of charming young women gathered together from all over the States, among them two or three young Southern girls who do their vowels after the regular London fashion..

Judge John M. Connors of Cincinnati, abroad for rest and recreation, is the master of ceremonies, and his bosom friend and traveling companion, Maj. Van Dyke, is really the star of the performance, with his reminiscences of the Civil War.

Herr Schumann is up, by special request, from the steerage, where, on the Sunday night previous, some of the women had heard him singing at twilight. The violin duet by M. Soutter and Madame, his wife, is exquisitely rendered, he, an artist of some repute in the West, going home to his beloved Alsace-Lorraine with his beautiful young wife to spend the summer. With the singing of America the saloon musicale breaks up, and

everybody goes on deck to see the illuminations of the masts and the fireworks sent up from the stern of the boat.

Gaiety once begun is not easily ended, and on the following evening, as a climax to the ship's merry-making, Capt. Kinne gives a ball, the deck being enclosed with canvas, draped with flags and illuminated with Chinese lanterns. One of the sailors plays the dance music, and young and old dance with spirit the old-fashioned quadrilles and Virginia reel, New England dames and Southern gallants tripping the "light fantastic" for the first time in a score of years.

And then, little by little, evidences of the shore come back. The pilot comes out to meet the ship, and to take her safely into port. The number of passing ships increases; fishing boats, all red and green, with tan-colored sails, go by, carrying supplies to the boats lying out on the banks; steamers and merchantmen come up from the verge until the whole rim of the horizon is fringed with masts and sails, and the sea all about you is filled with boats. The gulls come off the coast of England to meet the boat and fly at its sides and front. The Cliffs of Dover loom in sight —

standing straight up from the sea, and above are the fortifications and the white chalky roadways winding off to nothingness in the distance.

At early candlelight, Dover itself borders the water's edge at the left, presenting a front of small-paned windows, as if the town kept watch for some one, and behind each pane a candle burns to guide the wanderer. "The Silent City," you call it, as you idly lean over the ship's rail and speculate on the joys and sorrows of the men and women who keep the lights burning.

On past Flushing at midnight, where the letters are sent off for home. Up the Scheldt. Red-roofed thatched cottages and quaint old windmills deepen and set off the emerald green of its beautiful shore. The cattle come down to the water's edge and browse in the luscious grass in placid indifference to the passing ship. Steamer clothes are replaced by street toilets, women exchange cards and make false promises of "writing," men cut short the mild flirtations of the ship and stand girded for what lies beyond.

The cathedral tower of Anvers comes in sight, at last the quay, and once more the boat touches the land and sight-seeing in Europe has begun.

**from
Antwerp to
Paris.**



ANTWERP on a Sunday morning offers many attractions to strangers, with its cathedral and church bells clanging the hour of worship, its parks, gardens and places of interest open for inspection; and the "Westernland" of the Red Star Line, arriving on the morning of Sunday, July 8th, is in exact time for all of this.

A slight detention on the wharf, where there's a baggage stand for every letter in the alphabet, and where the custom officers are chiefly on the lookout for tobacco and alcohol, is the last barrier between yourself and this foreign land you have come so far to see; and this passed, men and women put aside the gentle amenities of the ship, and even she who had said of a rival leader on shipboard, "She is a well-preserved, venerable old ruin," sets out with smiling face to explore the ruins and wonders of Europe.

The Grand Hotel, the Queen's, St. Antoine's and every other hostelry in the city are filled to their last room; even the little Polish inn swarms to the curb with the steerage passengers, decently attired and wholly unlike the idle, untidy congre-

gation of men, women and children you have seen for the last ten days, lying about on the steerage deck. The very latest to arrive comes in tears. A young girl going home to relatives in Lomsha, Poland, in charge of guardians who, either intentionally or carelessly, have left her on the wharf. Here she is found weeping bitterly and forlornly, by one of the cabin passengers, who nearly misses her train for Paris through running about from hotel to hotel in search of the careless care-takers, at last coming upon them and restoring to them their pitiful charge.

She herself—the Samaritan—is not above needing sympathy, and that of the tenderest.

She is going home for the second time, from service in America, — “going home second class to her mother in Basel, Switzerland,” she tells you,—going home because her father is dead and to see if now, that his oppression is lifted off her mother’s heart, and she, herself, will no more feel the pain of his harshness, she may not find some congeniality and warmth in the place she calls home and where since she can remember she has known only fear and repression. She speaks French, German and English with a proficiency

that shows that she is reaching toward her ideals. You see your last of her on the platform of the station in Paris, where she is waiting in patient resignation the arrival of tardy relatives whom she has advised by telegram at Antwerp of her coming.

There are others who do not loiter in Antwerp, for Paris lies beyond. From Antwerp to Paris is a delightful half day's journey on a peaceful, sunny Sunday afternoon, particularly if there has been rain the preceding night.

The well-tilled fields lie like glorious pictures, spread out to view, filled in with red-roofed cottages and villas, white walled or quaintly bricked and staffed. The gently undulating land is covered with growing crops, so varied in tint and hue, so evenly laid out in narrow strips, that they look like widths of ribbon rolled out for the eyes' enravishment. The pale green of oats and growing peas, the deeper tints of potatoes, the browns of ripened meadow grass, the yellow of golden grain, are all spread out, with now and then a flaming sheet of poppies, red with a dye that only Nature mixes to perfection.

"A city set on a hill," is your first thought on

first coming in sight of Paris, and from its summit the Eiffel Tower points heavenward.

Gay and pleasure-loving Paris, how quickly one may begin within thy boundaries to make themselves at home—a part of thee! What avenues of learning and enjoyment, what visions of achievement and satisfaction lie outstretched in thy open hand! Familiar as the face of a friend, a part of all we know of art, history and letters, a place where worldly fame and glory have run riot and where tragedy has had its blackest setting, Paris holds even for the stranger that welcome and promise which no other city among the cities of the world can give.

Whoever goes to Paris with the expectation of viewing the fashions in the streets will be disappointed, for aside from the fashionable avenues at fashionable hours, one may look in vain for the fluffs and modes that are generally believed to be the natural inheritance of French women.

Four things are conspicuous in the attire of the majority of French women seen on the streets of Paris—the shirt waist or some other kind of a waist, a draggled skirt, a belt and a safety pin, and there is invariably, an utter absence of that

secret, invisible and confidential union of the four, which the varied drab at home considers imperative ere she ventures forth.

Indeed, after Paris and the average thoroughfares in London, one is first struck on coming home with the perfection of street costuming arrived at by our women, especially women who crowd the cars and fill the streets early in the morning and at the closing hour of daily business, wage-earners, women showing their self-respect in their well-fitting, well-chosen, clean and suitable clothing.

One may, however, see clothes in Paris, and no time, nor place, nor way, is better suited than with a friend to drive in the Champs Élysées and Bois de Boulogne at the fashionable hour from four to seven o'clock, especially if your companion rides half of the time with his head uncovered, bowing and calling by name the occupants of the passing equipages. There're the Count and Countess of Castellane — Anna Gould — monsieur has just pointed out their beautiful new residence at the meeting place of the Élysées and the Bois. She is in lavender with a heavy black ruching about the neck to match her black hat. There're President Loubet in a carriage with four, and Mr. and Mrs.

Potter Palmer, Mr. Thomas Walsh and family, the New York commissioner ; and the De Youngs, who have been greatly in vogue in Paris this year.

In most ravishing toilets, with great feathery boas of ostrich feathers — everybody wears boas in Paris — dresses of most exquisite transparencies, are the commediennes and popular actresses, Bernhardt among them ; and last, but not least, the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, riding down the avenue with some young relatives he is visiting in Kleber Street, in anything but a smart turnout, slouching a little in his seat, as if the Champs Élysées is very “small potatoes,” and any kind of an American style does it honor.

A drive in the Champs Élysées should never be taken without stopping once or twice at the cafés of the Bois de Boulogne for a glass of white wine if given to drink, like madame, or if temperate, like monsieur, a bottle of Scheweppees, which pretty nearly everybody drinks all the time in Paris.

There are other kinds of folk than fashionables to see on a Paris Sunday afternoon, and the Bird and Dog markets afford the very best possible place for seeing them ; monsieur is up to his

French and something beside, and makes his way easily from stand to stand calling old and young "mademoiselle"—thereby winning from toothless old crones smiles, that having once seen you will not be likely to forget in a life-time, and from the young women, smiles which must go a little way to pay monsieur, himself, for his gallantry. Both old and young do a thriving business on Sunday, and as every woman in Paris has at least one dog, the dog market is steady.

Of the shops in Paris, this year, there has been but one opinion expressed by American women, and that is, that we can buy at less cost quite as beautiful fabrics, gowns, mantles and hats at home; and, too, if one were not of an exploring nature, one might never arrive at what the shops really do contain, so very inferior to our own are the Paris ways of dressing windows and displaying goods. A half dozen of our Buffalo shops displayed in the spring Paris hats quite as handsome and at less cost than could be found in Paris. This fact is coming to be understood by our women, and it accounts for so many of them coming home this year with their "imported" dresses and hats to buy in Buffalo.

Since the opening of the fair Paris has been full of Americans, New York and Buffalo being represented by many of their most important citizens who have entered into, and been a part of the fashionable society life that has particularly marked the French capital this year.

At the Hotel Regina, the beautiful new hotel of Paris, in rooms overlooking the garden of the Tuileries, Mr. Edward H. Butler has been living with his daughter and son, Miss Butler and Mr. Edward H. Butler, Jr., and his niece, Miss Barber. Mr. John N. Scatcherd, Pan-American Commissioner to Paris, has also been at the Regina.

Mr. and Mrs. John Miller Horton, with their niece Miss Chittenden, occupied palatial rooms at the Continental for weeks before going to Aix-les-Bains. Mrs. Horton, as a member of the Executive Committee of the Pan-American Woman's Board, and Chairman of its Reception Committee, received many attentions from President Loubet and the New York Commissioners in Paris.

Mr. Ricardo Diaz Albertini, with Mme. Albertini, have been happily situated at No. 59 Avenue

Marceau, Mme. Albertine having recently returned from Oberammergau and the Black Forest, where she was the guest of Mme. Nordica.

Mr. Charles A. Gould and family of 714 Fifth Avenue, New York, owner of the Gould Coupling Works at Depew, have been in Paris, and his handsome turnout has been conspicuous all summer among the equipages of the Champs Élysées and Bois de Boulogne.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank T. Gilbert have been living for months with their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Valois, at their beautiful mansion on the Avenue Bois de Boulogne.

The Valois are among the social leaders and invitations to their entertainments are eagerly sought by both Parisians and Americans.

A dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Valois early in July in honor of Mr. Valois' confreres of the National Commission was one of the grand affairs of the season, and had for its central figures no less brilliant after dinner speakers than Ambassador Horace Porter, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, and Archbishop Ireland.



ONE of the questions sure to be asked a Paris Exposition visitor is, "did you ascend the Eiffel Tower?" And it will not display any great lack of making the most of one's time if the answer is, "No, I didn't ascend the Eiffel, nor ride on a merry-go-round, nor wait my turn at the Ferris wheel."

A Visit to the Exposition.

As for the Eiffel Tower, there are people in the world who think it not unlike a great, ugly, sprawling derrick, with designs on the very entrails of the earth and of value only to the eye as a guide post for Paris and the Exposition.

There are other guides, however, to be had on the Exposition grounds, as you find to your joy on a hot July morning—an American boy

who had worked his passage abroad in a cattle ship, who is living in the Latin Quartier, with a hard roll for breakfast, a roll and a glass of milk for luncheon, and cold meat for dinner. He has some trifling compensation for services in one of the departments of mechanics, and, when his mind isn't otherwise employed, he is worrying about means and ways of getting home again in time for the opening of school in a New Jersey city in September.

In answer to your inquiry for the United States Pavilion, a mile away, he volunteers his services as a guide, and en route goes out of his course to point out special exhibits, his knowledge of and interest in everything winning your admiration. On reaching the Palais les Etats-Unis and asking the charge for his service, the boy, with his empty purse and his American birthright, draws back with the hurt dignity of a knight offered money for chivalry, saying: "I did not come for money. It was a pleasure to show you the way, and I went round by the Worth dresses and the precious gems and through the navy and army departments because I have often longed to show them to my mother."

Tears come readily to the eyes at kindnesses received far from home. And when, after a little reasonable setting forth of the case and a grateful hand pressing into one unwilling some silver coins to serve as a nucleus for the home-coming fund, they part, the boy is swallowing a lump in his throat and the woman dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief.

The Paris Exposition of 1900, notwithstanding the adverse press criticisms, is one which will hold a place among the very first in the world, both for the beauty and construction of its buildings and for its extensive and magnificent display of the arts, mechanics and products of the civilized world.

The charge of extortion, which you expect to meet on arrival in Paris this year, is utterly unwarranted.

As for ways of getting about Paris and to the Exposition, they are as numerous and as convenient and at as little cost as the mind of man can possibly conceive. First of all there are the fiacres, fifteen thousand in number, to be had a l'heure for two francs. From the stations one may ride in one of these voitures, small baggage included,

across Paris for two and one-half francs, and the price has not been raised this year on account of demand. People of all degrees use them, and it is no uncommon thing to see a housewife carrying home her loaf of bread and bottles of oil and wine, lolling back at her ease, in one of them, or a toothless old crone, tanned and bareheaded, rolling down the Rue, easing her conscience for her extravagance by occupying her time in knitting.

A four-seated cab with railing for luggage is equally as light in its charge, and omnibuses, numbering like the sands of the sea, afford—especially outside—easy transit, at a cost from five to thirty centimes, many of them going to and returning from the gates of the Exposition. The Seine, too, makes delightful waterway to and from the grounds, its innumerable double-decked pleasure boats plying up and down from morning till night laden with Exposition visitors.

Tickets for admission may be had of venders on the streets, outside the gates and in the tobacco shops for only half a franc at the most, and on many days may be had for nine sous. Two of these are required for entrance before ten A. M.,

and if one desires admittance after six P. M., two tickets also are required ; on Friday evenings four are exacted, owing to extra illuminations and attractions. However, visitors who enter the grounds after ten in the morning and stay on through the evening, may do so without paying anything more than the first ten cents admittance. The grounds are in the very heart of the city, the Palace Trocadero, of previous Exposition fame, being at the entrance of the Place du Trocadero, and straight out beyond, across the Seine, is the Eiffel Tower at the entrance of the Champ de Mars, a guiding point to the Exposition that has served the stranger in Paris well for the past six months.

Once inside the Exposition, you make your way at once to the United States pavilion, situated in the Avenue of the Nations, lying along the banks of the Seine. It is called by everybody who visits it "the Hall of Comfort" for two very good reasons: first, it is the only one of the national pavilions which affords seats and resting places for visitors, and also because of the geniality and courtesy with which the superintendent, Mr. Frank T. Gilbert of Buffalo, performs his

onerous and many-sided duties, admirably assisted by his charming wife.

It is not very difficult to find our national pavilion, for the Stars and Stripes float above it and in front, facing out to the Seine, is a duplicate in plaster of the equestrian statue of Washington, erected in Paris this summer by Americans. Inside, the furnishings are simple but effective — floors covered with rugs, stairs carpeted in crimson Wilton, walls hung with tapestries and the furniture substantial.

It has been the center of many social gatherings during the summer, most of them having a national and patriotic significance.

Next to your own home building, being a true American, you turn first to Sousa, whose concerts, given every afternoon in the Esplanade des Invalides, are really nothing less than American levees with the most delightful music for setting. At these concerts, which resolve themselves into receptions, you may any day see the wives of the National Commissioners, the belles of society and Americans galore, with a comfortable sprinkling of French and Germans, which goes to show that people of other nationalities have taste.

Loie Fuller, who was so charmingly introduced to Buffalo society three or four years ago, is a great attraction at the Exposition, her private theater being thronged at every performance. Her "Fire Dance" has given way to many new devices in handling the luminous and diaphanous draperies which clothe her, and it is generally conceded that Loie Fuller can do more artistic dancing without moving a toe, than any other woman on the stage can do by keeping every ligament of her body in motion.

Of course, the Hall of Comfort, Sousa and even Loie Fuller are only fractions of the great Fair, but then, before one settles down to filling one's eyes with the wonders to be seen, it is well to fill one's heart with the comfort of home, one's ears with home music and one's eyes with something that one need not verify by the guide book.

No daughter of Eve has visited the Exposition without seeing the costumes, and whoever sees them this year straightway forgives that first mother for bringing in clothes. "Worth" of course is "Worth," and well worth seeing, the entire display being illuminated day and night, the better to get the evening effects of the delicate tints and

gorgeous jewelery, so popular with Paris modistes. Gowns with regal sweep and court trains made of the richest, heaviest silk and velvet fabrics are lightened and brightened by bodices filled in with transparencies and bouillioned with jewels set in net. Others are of a diaphanous texture, white and in the pastel hues, richly encrusted over with silver, crystal and gold, ruching and plaiting, piled one above the other, with sleeveless bodices or with jeweled straps doing sleeve service ; visiting toilets, so overlaid with point de Venice, colored passementeries, dabs of ribbon, velvet and silk that one can scarcely form an opinion as to foundation material, represent not only the tip of the fashion for midsummer but presage the mode away into the late autumn.

Worthy rivals fill case after case, ranged up and down labyrinths of space, the London exhibits, among them Peter Robinson's extensive display, as fine as any. Some very beautiful things are shown by the United States—indeed, in the made-up fur garments, our own country is in the lead, nothing on view equaling the very magnificent cloaks shown.

Also, in silk fabrics, America holds a notable

place, the New Jersey mills sending on webs and webs of brocade, figured taffetas and satins that in dye and weave seem in no wise inferior to European manufacture. Their excellence is emphasized by one immense octagonal case being marked "sold," the purchaser being a leading London house.

In minerals, too, the American exhibit is splendid, its precious stones and minerals in quality and quantity not being surpassed by those of any other nation.

In painting and sculpture the United States stands second only to France, and has taken gold medals enough and diplomas of honor sufficient to swell with pride the heart of any true lover of the fine arts.

Among the paintings, the American collection is surely the finest group of American pictures ever hung together, and while we owe to one or two men whom we can hardly now call American artists, notably Whistler, something of the honors we have received this year in Paris, still, leaving them out, our painters have held unchallenged a second place.

Of our great painters, John S. Sargent has three

gold medals, one for the portrait of the president of Bryn Mawr College ; and of course he has a woman in yellow. Whistler has as many gold medals, and his four or five canvases are usually holding a little levee of their own, particularly the portrait of himself crowded up in one corner, where the artist seems to be shrugging himself into the very wall in his whimsical distaste and silent contempt for the company of visitors who throng the hall. E. A. Abbey has more than one gold medal, one honor mark hanging on his "Portrait of a Man." William M. Chase has one particularly beautiful canvas, gold medaled, the full length standing figure of a woman, dressed in black silk with a white embroidered, long-fringed China silk shawl thrown about her shoulders. Cecilia Beaux, whose portraits were so much liked here last spring at the Society of Artists' Exhibits, has three paintings well hung, and for herself a gold medal. Horatio Walker has the canvas which hung in the Fine Arts Academy two years ago, the plowman and his yoke of patient oxen turning up the meadow sward. William Holmes has a marine, gold medal marked, and Abbott Theyer a portrait. Alden Wier has the

portraits of two children, daughters of Senator Blair, that are excellent, and De Forest Brush, J. W. Alexander and scores more add credit to American artists and encourage the belief that some day America will have an art of her own that shall not depend upon men who left our shores in youth, and who owe to foreign training and foreign living their great prestige in the world of painting.

In sculpture, Augustus Saint Gaudens and Frederick MacMonnies take the gold medals of honor next to the great Rodin of Paris; he it is, who has carried off the diploma d'honneur for his "Equestrian Group," the central one in the exhibit.

In the permanent Exposition building, the Trocadero Palace, at the entrance of the Place du Trocadero, M. de Quesada and his able associate Mr. Ricardo Diaz Albertini have charge of the fine Cuban Exhibit, including most of the products of our new island, tobacco, alcohol and rum chiefly, put up in the most attractive manner, the glass receptacles for the liquids,—many of which are extracted from sugar cane,—being artistic in shape and of fine quality. Embroideries, beads,

necklaces, and the handiwork of women, mingle with the sterner stuffs to give feminine interest to the exhibit. A magnificent saddle, heavily mounted in coin silver, is the one thing that most wins your admiration, and Mr. Albertini tells you they keep the precious quality of its metal something of a secret.

There are some things to see at the Paris Exposition more precious than manufactured wares, the faces of friends, and at one of the Exposition cafés a little group of Buffalonians met for dinner one Friday night in July,— Supt. and Mrs. Henry P. Emerson, Miss Ada M. Kenyon, Dr. Ida C. Bender, Mrs. Dickinson, Miss Lapey, Prof. Casassa and yourself are gathered around one table, and at another, a little removed, sit Mme. Casassa, Mrs. Cornelia Marcy Greene, and the company of interesting young girls in Mme. Casassa's charge. There are no flowers and the china is thick and clumsy and the wine only pale claret and one orders by the carte with an eye to economy, but the dinner is a joyous feast, friend pledging friend a deeper love and devotion for this meeting in a foreign land.

Later, Mme. Casassa and her girls go by one of the four-wheeled voitures to the Hotel Cecil, the

Emersons go to the same destination in cabs, to pack their trunks for an early start to Switzerland the next morning, and yourself, the solitary one of the party, roll home alone in a fiacre at eleven o'clock, thinking as you breathe in the peaceful exhilarating air of the night that solitude is not alone the fortune of one, for even Emerson, with all his theories for happy living, found that we all must at last "ride in a sulky," no matter how laboriously we labor to recruit the friendships and loves that spring up for a little season and then vanish, each one leaving the heart more solitary than before.

A Day of Sightseeing in Paris.



ONLY by personal experience can non-residents of Paris form any idea of the accessibility of its palaces, its galleries of painting and sculpture, its churches, museums and gardens.

Location is everything in Paris, and whoever finds herself put up in Mme. Allieu's best suite, at 14 Rue Monsieur la Prince, may congratulate herself on being in the heart of things, as well as on having the most comfortable, charming home, temporary or permanent, to be had in any pension in Paris. The most difficult thing about making one of Mme. Allieu's family is the thing itself, but once there and seated en famille at her daintily spread board, joy in Paris life begins.

From Mme. Allieu's maison, one may toss a stone to the Luxembourg and its beautiful gardens, hitting, en route, the Odeon, where the performances of the Theater Française, burned last March, are being given this year; the Pantheon stands near by, and quite as close in the opposite direction is the Sorbonne, the Musee de Cluny and the Theater de Cluny. The Louvre and the Tuileries lie just across the Seine, and on the other side

of these palaces, the Rue de Rivoli, bordered with its magnificent hotels, leads into the Place de la Concorde, where stands the obelisk over the spot where Marie Antoinette bowed her regal head to the guillotine, and where, one and all, two thousand eight hundred men and women, conspicuous in French history, met death on the block.

From the Place de la Concorde you go on into the Champs Élysées, through the Arc de Triomphe, from which radiate the most beautiful streets in Paris, chief of them being the Bois de Boulogne. It is in this vicinity that President Loubet has his residence, where Mr. Valois and Mr. Thomas Walsh, New York commissioners, and many other well-known Americans dwell, as well as the old French families and the aristocracy of the new republic.

The morning is a good time to visit the Luxembourg, entering first the gallery of sculpture, where among the many beautiful marbles and bronzes one may be able to select for remembrance the "Galatea," "Persee et la Gorgone," "L'Immortalité," "Salammbô" (bronze), "La Sirène," "Eros," "Jeannie D'Arc," "St. Sebastian," "Hagar and Ismael," "Psyche Sous l'empire

du Mystere," one or two of the "Eves," "The Supreme Kiss," "The Gilt Equestrian Statue of Napoleon," and "The Vulture on the Head of a Sphinx."

After the sculpture, pretty nearly every American will make straight for James Mac-Niel Whistler's portrait of his mother and John S. Sargent's "La Carmencita," and ten chances to one they will be disappointed when they arrive before the canvases and not quite know why.

The reason of this first selection in the Picture of the Luxembourg lies in the constant dinning into our ears of the great thing it is for an American artist to get a hanging in the Luxembourg; and of the four thus honored, Whistler, Sargent, Walter Grey and William Dannant, one usually hears only of the two first.

Of course the "Carmencita" is in yellow and the "Portrait de la Mere" is in black. "La Mere" presents the figure of a woman sitting in a not luxurious chair, a footstool at her feet, her hands folded, the black dress relieved by the snowy cap and kerchief. On the wall are two of Whistler's etchings in black frames, and in the room almost nothing else.

Fritz Thaulow, the Norwegian, known to Buffalonians by the fine example of his painting "Night," owned by the Fine Arts Academy, has a "Winter Day in Norway" in the gallery devoted to the *Ecoles Etrangères*, and there, too, are the works of Mlle. Marie Bashkirtseff, whose "diary" created such a furore among sentimentalists after her death in 1884.

Marie painted better than she wrote, very likely because she put more of other people and less of herself into her portraits. Those in pastel are particularly good, and there is a romantic, fanciful, ghostlike sympathy ready to accompany an imaginative visitor in going from Marie Bashkirtseff's paintings to those of her friend and teacher, Bastien-Lepage, in the next room. Lhermitte, whose World's Fair picture, "The Haymakers," has so long hung in our Fine Arts Academy, has a companion piece in the Luxembourg. Of the Meissoniers, the Corots, the Detailles, of Bonheur's, Breton's, Carolus Duran's, Cazin's, Constant's, Dagnan-Bouveret's, Manet's, Rousseau's and all the other notable French artists, one can only bring away a confused memory of what two eyes have vainly tried to fix permanently on the

soul ; excepting that there is a general sense of style, color, composition and sentiment, which clings around each name when we recall it.

The gardens of the Luxembourg, like its galleries, are open to the public daily. Barefooted children, bareheaded women carrying home bottles of oil and loaves of bread in knit bags, men in tatters, women ditto, may, and do, take short cuts or loiter at will through its beautiful walks, bordered with roses of every known variety, cooled by lakes and fountains most beautiful to the eye, and shaded by magnificent trees that have been gathered from the choice woods of the world.

Even a dandy may make love here in open daylight, trying his wiles on a demure mademoiselle, who is half beguiled by his hand patting and hand kissing, and when he finally runs away to more fruitful fields of pleasure, stopping every minute to throw kisses with the hand free of his cane, and lifting his hat in a final farewell as he disappears 'round a clump of shrubs, mademoiselle betakes herself from the garden with the disconsolate air of supreme renunciation.

In the gardens are playgrounds for boys, tennis courts, ball grounds and a lake for swimming.

Women come in the early forenoon with their children and their knitting, bringing with them their loaves of bread and bottles of wine for the midday luncheon, which they freely share with the tame pigeons and birds of the garden, the birds gathering in little flocks in the grass about each friendly group. Here, too, one far from home may find a friendly seat on which to rest for a little time, breathe in the fragrance of the blooming roses, and the spiciness of the bushes from Ceylon, listen to the song of bird, and, while thinking fondly of far-away places and people, gather a little strength and inspiration for the Pantheon which stands just beyond.

The Pantheon, in the form of a Greek cross, with its portico of twenty-two fluted Corinthian columns, stands on the site of the tomb of Ste. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, and within, on its walls, may be found in painting the story of her childhood, by Puvis de Chavannes, who died last year, and also the beautiful marbles by Maindron, "Ste. Genevieve Imploring Attila, the Leader of the Huns, to Spare the City of Paris."

The interior of the Pantheon, with its beautiful dome, its magnificent ceiling paintings, its tablets

to the memory of French heroes and martyrs, its painted walls, leaves on the mind a sense of vacuum, something of the effect of an empty vault, and a visit to the Crypt, which is by permission, save on special and remote days, leaves in the soul a new sense of the certainty of death.

The Musee de Cluny is entered on the Rue du Sommerard by a vaulted gate into the Cour d'Honneur, at one end of which may be seen an interesting old well, which looks as if it might tell a tale, if wells were given to gossip.

Inside, the first requisition is for concentration, sufficient to enable the mind to gain a faint impression of even a few of the thousands of things to be seen. Ceramics, that run the gamut of French, Dutch, German, Flemish, Moorish and Hispano fayence, from the 14th century down; precious work in silver, gold, iron and bronze; ivories in the finest, most curious carving from the tenth century; cabinets, chests, exquisite specimens of wood carving; Flemish tapestries, ecclesiastical vestments and work in gold, reliquaries, crosses, croziers, coronation robes in velvet, ermine and gold lace; state carriages, sleighs, Sedan chairs, state beds and embroideries; speci-

mens of everything ever created by the hand and genius of man which add to the ceremonials and elegancies of living, may be seen in rare qualities in the Musee de Cluny — may be seen until the brain refuses further to take impressions, and the “ Ferme la porte, ferme, ferme ” of the attendant with his clanking keys, falls on the ear like sweet music, with its blessed release from more sight-seeing.

The closing hour is the very best time to view the Thermes or ruins of the baths of Cluny and for a look into the garden, where the July sun, falling to the west, sets on the grass a shadow of the overhanging shrubs and trees, as you take your last look and turn your steps homeward through the Sorbonne.

**A Visit
to the
Louvre.**



HOEVER visits the Louvre should know something of the treasures to be seen beforehand and should, of all things, keep clear of the usual "guide." One would better stare at the pictures in unknowing speculation than to be hustled from room to room like driven sheep listening to an unintelligible harangue on the merits of Paolo Veronese's "Marriage at Cana" and "Christ in the House of Simon," with the "Mona Lisa" hanging unnoticed, and Raphael's "Holy Family" overlooked.

Everybody who knows anything of sculpture and painting knows that the Louvre has the masterpieces of the world, of woman in marble and painting—the "Venus de Milo" and the "Mona Lisa" of Leonardo da Vinci. They know that the "Apollo Belvedere" is in the Louvre, the "Mercury," the "Ariadne"—in fact, that second only to Italy is the Louvre in antique marbles.

The "Victory of Sammothrace" is here, and it is on the landing of this beautiful statue, the most important existing example of Hellenistic

art, that many a trysting is kept. Here friend meets friend or lover meets lover by appointment for a stroll through the galleries of paintings, lying just beyond, and it is here one may often, at two o'clock in the afternoon, find a little congregation of Sarbonne students and their friends awaiting the arrival of some struggling young artist who, for two francs the hour, will lecture on Titian, Raphael, Giorgione, Veronese of the Italian school, or Valasquez and Murillo of the Spanish, and someone else of some other school.

Of course, a lecture on Raphael, with Raphael's "Holy Family" for a background, is something, but there are people who prefer using a little of the understanding of the soul and their own particular eyes on first coming face to face with the works of the "faultless painter."

Then, too, Browning, in his "Andrea del Sarto," has created a wonderful sympathy and appreciation for the works of Del Sarto, especially those which hang in the Louvre, painted for that good King Francis I. — painted —

"In that humane great monarch's golden look,
One arm around my shoulder, round my neck,
I painting proudly with his breath on me."

Beautiful beyond expression are these canvasses of Del Sarto's, with the face of his wicked Lucrezia ever for the face of his Madonnas, and a something in the yielding grace of all his figures that must have had its source in the bending mood of his own tender nature, in the subjection of his divine genius to the love of a cruel woman.

Fra Lippo Lippi, too, has things in the Louvre, — something possibly that he painted during that

“Three weeks shut up within my mew,
A-painting for the great man, saints and saints,
And saints again.”

And there's Giotto,

“With his saints a praising God.”

And there's the saintly art of Fra Angelico.

Cimabue, Gaddi, Ghirlandajo, Corregio, Guido Rini, Tintoretto, Perugino and all the other great painters of the Renaissance are here better represented than anywhere in the world save in Italy.

There are magnificent examples of the French, Spanish, Dutch and Flemish schools — Corot, Greuze, Millet, David, Daubigny, Troyon, Rousseau, Watteau, the Vernets of the French, whose

works are as familiar in America as at home ; Van Dyck of the Flemish school, a whole room given up to him ; also, of the Dutch, Teniers, Frans Hals, Rembrandt, all are beautifully represented in the Louvre ; Holbein of the German school, Valasquez and Murillo of the Spanish ; and Constable, Gainsborough and Lawrence of the English, all hang in honored array in this wonderful gallery, with its terra-cotta colored walls, its hardwood, polished floors done in herringbone, its innumerable turns and labyrinths, room on room of painting, sculpture, works in precious metal, wood and tapestries.

The meanest child, woman or man may visit it daily except Mondays (the usual cleaning day for all galleries, palaces and museums in Paris), and it is this wandering at will among the perfections of nature and art in Paris that gives to the true Parisian that artistic nature which he holds supreme above all other men.

Artists come here, too, to copy, and Titian, Raphael and Corregio are, of the Italian school, most often copied. Usually you will find an easel in front of Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," the blue one, one of the most beautiful

paintings in the Louvre. Copies are often purchased by visitors and are generally made to order, the more celebrated the copyist the more valuable the reproduction. However, one looking on the original and then on the copy (which is usually much reduced in size), rarely feels satisfaction. There are errors in drawing, nose too long, chin too heavy, arm clumsy, misconception of expression, a look of divine patience is often rendered placid satisfaction, agony of soul turned to vindictiveness and resentment. Still, good copies are made and the color scheme is pretty generally accurate.

One can never have too much of the Louvre, never enough, and months and years would still leave one unsatisfied in enjoyment of its glories. However, a few clear impressions of a few of the marbles and paintings may be brought away, and if one has a fancy for Leonardo da Vinci's Madonna, the "Mona Lisa," and "La Gioconda," the wife of Da Vinci's painter friend, Fr. del Giocondo of Florence, why, then, in taking farewell of the Louvre, one might take it of her, imprinting on memory the wonderful coloring, the shapely head, the graceful poise and set of the shoulders,

and settle for themselves the question of that "look," which rests upon her face, which some call sinister, and one calls only a self-conscious defiance of too much looking into his model's face by the great Leonardo.

With the jingling of keys and five P. M. in the Louvre, and the "Ferme, ferme, ferme la porte" of the attendant, the recovery of sticks and umbrellas on the first floor, where they must invariably be left, you make your way out for a breath of fresh air, going directly to one of the seats in the Jardin des Tuileries, entering by the way of the Arc du Carrousel (an imitation of the arch of Severus at Rome), erected by Napoleon I. to commemorate his victories of 1805-06, and on the spot where Louis XIV. and his profligate court once held an equestrian ball.

The garden surrounds the palace of the Tuileries, and is the favorite resort of promenaders and loiterers in general. Its marbles and fountains are most beautiful, its flowers, shrubs and trees of rare and choice varieties, luxuriant in growth, and in the cool of the afternoon or that of early morning, one may spend an hour in the garden of the Tuileries in perfect restful enjoyment. Be-

yond it lies beautiful Champs Élysées with the Obelisk midway for a guide post.

A line of omnibuses runs through the arches of the Tuileries and the Louvre, crossing an open square just back of the garden and crossing the Seine, usually, at getting home time, so laden, inside and out, that before one will stop and take you up your spirits have sunk to a mental despair, occasioned by a knowledge that the dinner is being served and you, who like things straight from the coals, must take them cold, or what is worse, lukewarm, and that without ice or the aid of a refrigerator.



DO HAVE two Fourths of July **france's National fête.** in one year would transport an American boy to Elysium, and is no undesirable thing, once in a while, for an American woman, particularly after celebrating her own Fourth day of July on mid-ocean, out of sight and sound of boys and firecrackers.

The French Fourth of July isn't the Fourth at all, but the Fourteenth, its correspondence to our National holiday being the excuse for its corruption or cutting short. The day fell this year on Saturday, presaged by days and days of preparatory decoration.

The United States can set the pace for some things even for Paris, but not in the matter of illumination — when it comes to stringing elec-

tric lights and shooting firecrackers and sending up rockets Americans stand aghast in open-mouthed wonder at the extravagance and devices of the Frenchman.

The decorations this year were intended to revive and outdo the splendor of the Empire, helped along by the modern resources of electricity and invention. Large grants of municipal funds were made, and from what appeared it was easy to fancy a foreign loan had been negotiated.

The decorations of Champs Élysées, the Bois de Boulogne, the Arc de Triomphe, the Place de la Concorde, the Arc du Carrousel are, of course, the most elaborate festoons of electric lights depending from the arches and winding the pillars like millions of colored, glittering jewels. Everywhere in all the streets, boulevards and even alleys, there is the same unbroken chain on chain of lights or, where there is a seeming falling off of these, the roofs and cornices of buildings burst at the touch of a torch into rimmed edges of brilliant, glowing jets. Trees suddenly ripen with curious melon-shaped fruit in tints of purple, yellow, red and pink, bursting into lights as the shadows of night turn their deep green leaves to

black. In addition to the colored electrical display, flags float everywhere and immense ropes and garlands of paper flowers loop and hang on arch, façade and turret.

Band stands occupy every street corner where there is space for dancing, away out beyond the Bastille and remote quarters of the city, the music and dancing beginning on Friday night, with students from the Latin Quartier jumping up in the air, whirling in a cloud of dust; washerwomen, old hags and young ones, coming from nobody knows where; old men, young boys and little children, spinning about, accosting strangers and begging them for a turn at a jig, the whole savoring of Pandemonium on one of its busiest days.

A group of students from the Ecole de Medicine, never to be outdone in street carousal, parade the street five abreast, bearing astride the shoulders of the leader a grissette in white, and one in black, with equal modesty, poised on the shoulders of the singing obscene wretch who brings up the rear.

It is like the sound of lost souls sinking into Hades when their rollicking songs dwindle away to nothingness as they are finally lost to view in the distance back of the Notre Dame.

Longchamps is all day long the scene of military and athletic sports—the chief being the grand military review, and fiacres and cabs running to and from the grounds have to be secured in advance, so great is the demand.

At the Auteuil Racing Club there are athletic sports and games, in which thirty and more of American college men take part, the Princeton team, the Chicago University, Pennsylvania and Georgetown universities and the New York Athletic Club being represented.

In the Exposition grounds the illuminations, which make its Friday nights so popular, are at full glow. Fountains and lakes and grottoes are playing and gleaming in a hundred brilliant lights, each moment changing with the ever surprising variety of a magnificent kaleidoscope. The Palais du Trocadero, with its beautiful lakes and grounds, looks not unlike what one might imagine of the Palace of Aladdin.

Underlying the outward excitement there is a current of needless apprehension, occasioned by a frequent deploring and suggestion by the press of a possible hostile demonstration toward President Loubet by the Nationalists.

Not only are the sidewalks crowded to the curb and out beyond in front of all the cafés, which seemingly occupy most of the frontage in Paris, but long before the middle of the afternoon whole streets are entirely closed to vehicles of every description, being occupied by small tables and chairs in solid conjunction, from cafés on one side to cafés on the other, each table surrounded by men, women and children of all ages and all degrees, drinking wines, absinths, beers and sodas, and eating their tough bread with whatever relishes their purse and inclination warrant.

By nine o'clock all vehicles are barred in all of the streets, even private carriages being dismissed, and their occupants, with the general throng, viewing the illuminations from the sidewalks or their hotel balconies.

The Place de la Concorde is the grand center for fireworks, mostly set pieces of historical significance—one splendid American illumination. The bed of the Seine also affords a continuous and constantly changing upward glow of rockets and pin wheels.

At the theaters everything is free. At Bernhardt's, where seating has to be taken at other

times days ahead, stalls and boxes are filled to the last sitting with a rabble that reflects the Reign of Terror ancestry, the line for admittance having been formed as early as six A. M. awaiting the opening at one P. M. At the De La Porte-St. Martin, Coquelin is playing "Cyrano de Bergerac." Mme. Rejane at the Vaudeville is giving her people "Sans-Gene," and "Charley's Aunt" at the Theater de La Republique and the "Ragpicker's Daughter" somewhere else share the honors of full houses equally with "Charlotte Corday" at the Française and a dozen other tragedies and comedies in a dozen other places.

On into midnight, past that into morning, until the dawn, and then, as if a breath from heaven had swept the streets, the carousal ends, its votaries vanish, the music ceases, windows and doors close and the French Republic has again celebrated its national anniversary.



PACKING one's satchel and steamer trunk and setting out alone for Europe may have an aspect of loneliness, not altogether enviable to the average woman, but if she has a sense of location

**A Drive
About
Paris.**

and reasonable powers of observation there is no reason why she should not see Europe by herself far better than she can in a touring party.

The Cooks, of course, represent ease and no end of care taking, and whoever takes Cook for a long or short trip will find all the conditions of the contract fulfilled and something besides. You will be treated with the utmost courtesy on trains and at hotels, and will be conducted by well-informed, competent guides, whose desire to satisfy and please is only equaled by their ability to do so.

On the other hand, if I wished to pay twice what a thing is worth, to go nowhere and see nothing, to be treated with every known indignity and humiliation, save, perhaps, being cuffed and made to stand in the corner, I know of a touring company or two that I should hasten to join.

People using Cook's tickets on the other side are not necessarily Cook's tourists, for both on the

Continent and in Great Britain day parties are constantly made up of men and women traveling alone or en famille. In Paris, by taking Cook for Versailles, Fontainebleau and about Paris one is assured of the very best transportation, a perfect guide and table in waiting at the luncheon hour.

The length of one's stay in Paris should determine whether the Cook's drive about Paris is taken. If brief, take it by all means, in no other way can you see so much between sunrise and sunset.

The public buildings are thus reached easily, and of these one not well up in French thinks at first that the city must be well guarded and that pretty nearly every public building is devoted to the defence of the city, with "Defense d'Afficher," "Defense d'Afficher," which one sees everywhere lettered on their walls. Although not so elegant in phraseology, the "Stick no Bills on this Wall" of London gets more directly at the understanding, when one is circumscribed in the tongue and tied down in one language, and that the English.

The start for the Cook's Paris trip is made from the Paris office, No. 1 de l'Opera, at ten o'clock, going first to the Madeleine, where at eleven

o'clock there is always some service going on. A stalwart attendant in uniform patrols the rear end of the nave to prevent the intrusion of those sight-seeing, but you, having the look of a devotee, get within the rail, perhaps.

A font at the left of the main entrance is usually surrounded by parents with little children to bless and make well by means of the holy water, and you pray for its speedy remedial effects one sunny July morning when a pale, wilted looking child, lying in half unconsciousness in its father's arms, the mother looking on, receives the baptism from a black-robed priest. Windowless though the Madelaine is, its interior is well lighted, and there on a Sunday morning one may listen to some of the very best music to be heard in Paris.

The drive includes the Place de la Concorde and its Obelisk of Luxor, Palace of the Élysées, the Champs Élysées, the Arc de Triomphe, the Palace of the Trocadero, the Ecole Military, the Invalides and the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Nothing can afford a lover of French history a greater satisfaction than a visit to the tomb of Napoleon I., particularly if possessed of a sentimental and life-long romantic admiration for

“The Man of Destiny.” There he lies with his emblems of greatness about him, his sarcophagus of Siberian porphyry weighing sixty-seven tons ; above it, the dome, 160 feet high. Underneath is the mosaic pavement with its inlaid laurel wreath, and the inscription of his victorious battles (and the guide tells you that he won Waterloo), surrounded by the star of yellow malachite, the gift of the Czar of Russia. One may look down upon it from a circular gallery above or enter the crypt back of the high altar, where on either side lie the friends “that liked him so much,” the guide tells you, Duroc and Bertrand. Above, filtering through golden glass, the afternoon sun falls on the inscription “Je Desire Que Mes Cendres reposent sur les Bords de la Seine, au Milieu de ce Peuple Français, Que j’ai tant Aime.” Jerome Bonaparte and Joseph, too, lie in the alcoves designed for the Bonapartes —

“ Silent they rest in solemn salvatory,
Sealed from the moth and the owl and the flittermouse,
Each with his name on his brow.”

Luncheon, served at a café near the Tuileries, divides the sight-seeing of the morning and after-

noon, the Notre Dame being first in the route, after the Carrousel and St. Chapelle.

Victor Hugo has created for Notre Dame an atmosphere of horror which a visit very soon dissipates, and you finally make your way out of it with a sense of disappointment, stopping at the entrance to the nave, to buy a tawdry red rosary, the best you can get, thinking you will get someone to teach you the "Hail Mary," some day.

Pere Lachaise is a good place to visit after Notre Dame, although, notwithstanding the ambition of the aristocracy of Paris to be laid here when done with their houses in the Champs Élysées and the North End, Pere Lachaise has some disillusionment for people who love their dead to lie where grass and flowers grow and where birds sing and where the swaying branches of trees keep up a perpetual requiem.

This is not so at Pere Lachaise, with its tombs and sepulchers and houses for the dead set upright in stony, dusty plots, so close together that they give a very good impression of the market place of one of our thriving mortuary marble establishments. One looks in vain for the artistic evidences here that mark so finely the Parisian

taste, and you turn with a sense of repulsion from the bead and tinsel wreaths, crosses and gewgaws which decorate, only to disfigure, even the graves of Abelard and Heloise, Balsac, Alfred de Musset, Elise, Rachel, Felix Faure, Rossini and Daubigny.

A visit to the Morgue is not to be altogether desired, but if made, can be easily paid after visiting Pere Lachaise, as it is in its vicinity. Its gruesomeness is unmistakable, and though the bodies taken from the Seine often lie there for weeks and even months without recognition, many of them are claimed by friends immediately.

The Monday after the Paris national fête, this year, found four bodies, all men, reclining on the marble slabs, which slant downward toward the street, with ice-chilled water running in a continuous stream from top to bottom and falling into the sewer trough beneath. The clothing was the same worn when the bodies were recovered, and of the first two denoted gentility and competence. The first was a young man in the prime of life, whose features of fine intellectual mold made one wonder where were his mother, his sister and his wife — if he had either. His face was in repose, not that of satisfaction, but with a look of having

at last settled for himself the perplexing question of life.

Beside, stretched stark and cold, was a man in the early fifties, with the appearance of having been a ministerial attaché, a man who arranged affairs for others, the iron-gray beard flowing away from his shapely chin in the Dundreary cut and fashion. He merely seemed to sleep as if on the morrow he would have full charge of affairs in the anteroom of his superior. On the morrow, however, someone who belonged to him had claimed his body, and the place he left vacant at the Morgue was empty, awaiting "the next."

A bruised and battered face told the wretched life-story of the third of the group, and at the end a dull, rough French peasant slept the sleep of the dead.

After the Morgue comes the Bastille or a drive past the immense column which stands on its site, and here, in the vicinity of some reform school for boys, the temerity of the boys of the street causes the good-natured guide to call out, "You'll be hanged before you're thirty," which prophecy seems the last drop in the day's sombre experiences, and, although there's more to be seen in

this drive about Paris, one of the party asks to be set down, and she makes her way home on the top of an omnibus, reflecting on the strangeness and perils of life.



VERSAILLES with Cook means a **Day at Versailles.**

day of splendid sight seeing and enjoyment, beginning with driving out the Champs Élysées in one of their high, luxuriously cushioned vans, drawn by five magnificent iron-gray horses, three leading, and all admirably reined by the driver, perched on the high seat, red-coated, brass-buttoned, top-booted and chapeaued with a marvelous, shiny construction that must in time give him a chronic headache.

The guide, with a smaller party, drives at the side, and at various points halts and stands up in his carriage to point out the sights.

First of these, Americans are directed to the new residence the Countess of Castellane is building.

Menier, the great chocolate king, has his summer home near Longchamps, farther on, and it was here he first hung the "Angelus" after bringing it back from America, though now it hangs in the place of honor in his town house. You pass the house where Ferdinand de Lesseps lived at the time of his downfall, and look on the mansions of many other men of world-wide renown.

The beautiful avenue leading out of the town, with its border of park, forest and trees, has a moving fringe of mendicants, boys in rags, spinning themselves over and over on the smooth, hard road like tops or whirligigs, coming to their feet at unexpected intervals, with tattered hats reached out for centimes. Old women with pitiful children work on the sympathies of strangers, and even men hold out their hands, with little puny waifs dragged at their heels or carried in their arms for excuse.

On and out the drive continues, past the Military School and barracks, with their white plaster walls and courts, where men serve their country at a sou per day, into the town and park of St. Cloud, on to the beautiful park of Versailles, where, by one of its bridle paths, the Prince Imperial, killed in South Africa by the Zulus, made his final exit from the kingly courts of France. Ivy grows close to the path and half over it now, and though pressed by the feet of the curious and strangers from the ends of the earth, it still has a solemn loneliness, bereft as it is of all those other kingly feet who used to go its way: Louis XIV., Mme. Pompadour, Louis XVI. and his Marie Antoi-

nette, and Josephine and Bonaparte. The very air and trees of Versailles keep up a whispering chronicle of the stories of their tragic lives. You, yourself, gather a sprig of the ivy and press it between the leaves of your Baedeker for Eugenie's sake as you loiter behind the others, reflecting on the past, and on what some say, that she was somewhat hard upon her boy.

Grand old trees most beautifully bend and form arcades for the walks, rare shrubs are grouped in splendid effects on every side, and parterres of roses and flowers paint with a hundred hues the beautiful spot.

The granite steps that lead up to the garden afford a favorite posing spot for amateur photographers, and there is always at hand a "professional," who begs you to sit, free of charge, and then on your return at night by the way of Sevres, meets you at one of the cafés with his finished product, yourself in it, for two francs the carte.

You visit first the Little Trianon so loved by Marie Antoinette, with the English garden and Temple of Love, its galleries of painting, its tapestries, its jewel cabinets, state chairs and beds, its clocks, each keeping the exact hour and minute,

its mirrors, flecked and dimmed by time, reflecting your own face as you pass, instead of the beauties of King Louis' Court, the gallery on gallery of paintings, one and all, fill the vision and crowd the imagination to its utmost limit, all to be again repeated in going through the Grand Trianon, which lies beyond.

One sentimental, romantic boy in the party, who evidently has read his French history well, goes about touching with caressing hand the tables and cabinets which the guide designates as Marie Antoinette's or Josephine's — "Poor Josephine," you hear him say over and over as he goes from room to room, and once, when he has fallen behind the party for a moment and then comes to your side flushed from some new experience, it is only the mildest, most sympathetic caution that you can give, when he tells you he loitered to vault over the rope guard, and lie down for just an instant in the state bed of his idol Napoleon, with its gold covering and overhanging canopy. He's an out-of-town Canisius College boy, and one can easily fancy the stories he is telling his schoolmates these beautiful autumn days.

One sees where the Louises and Napoleon and

Josephine slept, danced, ate and gamed, the beautiful room of state arranged for Queen Victoria on her last visit to a French court, and which she finally did not occupy. It is still in its virgin state. The court of marbles, bronzes, the grand staircases, the Queen's staircase, the Dauphin's staircase, are all pointed out; Gobelin tapestries, portraits by Van Loo, Le Brun and Mme. Le Brun and other eighteenth century artists; banqueting halls, royal chapels, throne rooms, what a story of pomp and grandeur, what a history of pleasure and vanity, and the transitoriness of life they relate! Ceilings painted in every possible device for flattering kings and perpetuating their glory. Seemingly miles and miles of walls and chambers of paintings, exploiting kingly valor in battle, victorious French battlefields and the famous beauties of the celebrated courts of France.

The royal equipages are shown in the Chamber of Voitures; among them the coronation coach, the second wedding coach, gilded and enameled, of Napoleon I., the sleighs and carriages of Louis XIV., Louis XV., Louis XVI., Josephine and Marie Antoinette, and the beautiful coach constructed for the entrance of the Czar of Russia

into Paris four years ago, when he made his royal entrance by the way of the "Beautiful Bridge" of Paris, which bears his name.

The Grand Park of the Trianons is, notwithstanding the guide books' criticism of "artificiality," a park unsurpassed in beauty, terrace after terrace leading from grassy plain to grassy plain, with broad ascending steps of red and gray granites, the whole laid out with orange trees, shrubs, flowers, bronze and marble statuary, with a forest of trees everywhere giving shade and grandeur to the scenery. Apollons, Venuses, war gods and water gods, grotesque sea and land creatures for spouting waters, these, with hundreds of other beauties of art and nature, go to make up a perfect whole, even for the most critical eye.

It is here the grand waters play on the first Sunday of the month from May to October, from four to five o'clock, at a cost each time, the guide tells you, of ten thousand francs.

It is also here that one remembers the legend of Louis XIV. and his gardener, Le Notre. On the first night of the former's stay at the Grand Trianon, he was asked by the gardener if the landscape pleased him, as he stood scanning it from

the window. "I don't see water enough," was his reply, and the next morning, on again looking forth, he beheld a lake with the most beautiful fountains, sending up sheets of water from underground reservoirs, the whole created in a single night by Le Notre with the help of thousands of workmen.

The return to Paris is by a different route than the one of the morning, by the way of Sevres and its porcelain manufactory, by Billancourt and the fortifications of Paris, where the German troops encamped on their entrance into Paris in 1871, out by the viaduct De Auteuil, and home. The drive is ideal, every foot of the beautiful hard roadways being lined with picturesque public buildings, villas and maisons, closely set together and opening out in quaint doorways, dormer and French windows, with overhanging gardens of shrubbery, vines and flowers. It is near sunset when the Place de la Concorde is reached, and the shadows of night fall as the threshold of home separates its comfort from a day spent in royal palaces.

**A Day at
Fontaine-
bleau.**



COOK'S tour to Fontainebleau is something to be remembered for a lifetime, if the company is as well selected and as congenial as was that on the second Saturday in July. The trip is made by the Lyons Railway, the members of the party going to the station from Cook's office in the Place L'Opera in fiacres, the coacher keeping his horse at full pace by a constant "gee-up," which sounds so much like the first audible expressions of seasickness.

Of course, the ride is by "first-class," and notwithstanding all the fine talk about the second compartments being quite as good, only possibly differing in the color of the upholstery, there is every advantage in travel-

ing first-class abroad. The apartments are more comfortable, better appointed, and the attendants more painstaking. Besides, the first-class carriages are rarely filled even to the very liberal allotment of space to the individual, and there is a greater likelihood of meeting agreeable traveling companions.

The July party includes nine men and women, an admirable number for a day at Fontainebleau, especially for the drive through the forest, as one van carries them all, as well as the guide, whose proximity and undivided attention are thereby gained.

At the Fontainebleau station, carriages await to convey the party to the Palace, where on arrival the guide says: "You see the castle? Well! You must know something else; the Stauen, ladies and gentlemen, the Stauen, just above the grand Escalier, the Escalier du-Fer-a-Cheval, cause why, it is shaped like a horseshoe. Well! ladies and gentlemen, that Stauen is three hundred years old. Now come with me, follow me always. When we go inside I tell you some more."

And again the guide tells you Louis VII. founded Fontainebleau away back in the twelfth

century, and getting mixed in his Louises he bundles them together, saying: "Oh, there was a whole lot of them Louises here, Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Louis XV., Louis XVI., Louis XVII., Louis XVIII., him was the last, every one of them a king."

However numerous the rulers of the House of Bourbon at Fontainebleau, it was that superb monarch, King Francis I., who created and perpetuated the magnificence and glory of Fontainebleau. Whatever his golden gaze rested on seems to have increased in splendor, even though time and neglect have dimmed that which appeals only to the material vision. One looks at his portraits on the walls with lovingness, not because of what he did for Fontainebleau, but for what he did for art, for that divine art of the Renaissance, and for his generous wisdom in providing it so liberally for his beloved France.

At Fontainebleau, too, one sees more evidences of Henry IV. and his Marie de Medici, and much of the present beauty of the palace is due to his alterations and patronage. Napoleon I. also loved to dwell here, with Josephine, and after him, and last in the kingly train, Napoleon

III. set his weak hands to beautifying and restoring the place, although no flavor of him or his lingers about or haloes Fontainebleau.

Of the great Napoleon, the guide has much to say, showing you with pride a little circular table in the study where Napoleon I. signed his abdication, and particularly calling attention to a spot on its surface, hollowed out by the touch of many fingers, on the blot flung out from the pen of the impatient monarch in the act of dethroning himself. The guide also shows you the spot where Napoleon took his farewell of the Old Guard, by the Horseshoe Escalier, leading to the court below, and so on to his exile at Elba.

Again, as at the Trianons, are unending galleries of paintings, walls on walls of tapestries, the most beautiful Gobelins, telling the story of Esther. "I tole you before," said the guide, as we go from room to room, "I tole you before it tooked a great deal of paintings to fill all them walls; now we go the stairs up, and I'll show you some more."

In the chapel, Chapelle de la Trinite, a ceiling painted by one of the Michael Angelo imitators is shown, and an altar where, according to the

guide, the royal ladies "kneeled" at their devotions, and, being in need of similar practice perhaps, you loiter behind to say a word of silent thanksgiving, only for a moment, however, for the guide is saying, "Now, you come with me; I tell you everything; I been twenty-three years telling them stories—I know them all. I now will show you one splendid relic, ladies and gentlemen, one splendid relic, but it is no more here; it is at Notre Dame."

However, a relic or two more or less at Fontainebleau, even of Napoleon's imprisoned Pope, is no great matter, rather on the whole a thing to be welcomed, for it gives more time to sit in the little theater, where royalty and its guests used to see on its miniature stage the great actors of those halcyon days of Fontainebleau. You make your way to it through banqueting halls, boudoirs and bed chambers, stopping to set your watch by a tortoise-shell clock, which used to mark the hour of Marie Antoinette's rising, and finish by a little ormolu, a room or two beyond, that Josephine left behind her when she gave up Fontainebleau to Marie Louise of Austria and retired to Malmaison.

From the palace the guide leads the way to the Cour de la Fontaine, where, standing on the pavilion overlooking the pond, the members of his little party increase the acquaintanceship of the morning by idle speculations on the number of carp swimming in hundreds near the water's surface and in conjecturing the age of the oldest.

After that, the cool water of the fountain leads one of the party to set the fashion of hand washing for the luncheon, which is to be served directly, and she wins a gallant for the day and a friend for life, by deftly assisting a stalwart son from the land of the Bruces to keep his cuffs from the water as he plunges his hands into the granite basin.

It's the guide again who ends the pastime and once more we are in carriages en route to the hotel, where, on arrival, the luncheon of half a dozen hot courses is laid in the hotel garden.

Tall trees overhang and shade it and on every side are shrubs and beds of flowers, while the table itself is something to remember. Snowy napery, china that would not shame Sevres, with a gorgeous bunch of pink roses for the center, and a bottle of red wine standing at every plate.

A master of ceremonies, with the masterly direction of a McAllister, could scarcely have summoned by invitation so congenial and blithely happy a company as gathered around that table, the Knight of the Cuffs, gallantly seating at the head, to do the honors, his companion of the royal wash basin, whose vis-a-vis, with his charming wife, is at home, when at home, at Holland Villa Roads, Kensington, London. The gentleman from Glasgow has for his opposite his brother, a rival in quoting Burns, Scott and Shakespeare, the two having left their wives at home and come to Paris to the Exposition — Fontainebleau thrown in — the first holiday together since bachelor days. There is a gentleman from New South Wales, Australia, and a Mr. Sturtevant with his wife and lovely daughter, Eleanor, from Philadelphia, his American patriotism of that intense kind that keeps on the alert for infringement.

Luncheon is followed by a drive through the forests of Fontainebleau, a drive of three delightful hours, with plenty of light talk and laughter and plenty of Burns and Scott and Shakespeare, and a snatch of a song now and then, as the way leads on through arcades made of tree branches, avenues

of larch, oak and elm and chestnut, to the ruins of the monastery, on past the red granite quarries to the "Weeping Rock," to the "Moving Rock," which an old woman, who sells ginger ale and other things at her hut near by, mounts and begins to dance a little jig, setting the huge boulder in a slight motion, and for which she receives centimes and sous from everybody, and afterwards more centimes and more sous for her ginger ale and other things, which she takes from a tiny cave in a rock near the door of her hut—a cave with a cool spring and running water.

And afterwards there are more shaded roadways, sometimes riding, sometimes walking, through fields of heather, where the guide cuts a bunch of the purple blossoms, and brings it, as an offering of the day, to one of his party who has been particularly easy to please in the way of absent relics, and who hasn't bothered him overmuch with questions. But when a mild suggestion is made that the lovely young lady of the party would also like a nosegay, he gruffly answers, "It's time to be going now, we must return to the carriage"; and so they do, the young Scotch knights having in the meantime made up for the guide's lack of

taste, by filling mademoiselle's hands full of the flowers of their native heath.

There's more talk, but less of the poets, and not quite so much laughter, for the reason that the station lies beyond, and there the little party breaks up, the little party whose members had come thousands of miles to meet that July day in France, and having met, and rendered, each his or her measure of kindness and good will, shake hands in almost tender lovingness as they set their faces away from each other, thinking, each one of them, that their next meeting day will very likely be after the problem of Eternity has been solved, and also that — "In our passage through life we shall meet those who are coming to meet us from many strange places and many strange roads, and what is set for us to do to them and what is set for them to do to us, will all be done."



IT IS easy enough to sigh when **from**
one is bidding farewell to Paris, **Paris to**
indeed, one can do little else **London.**
than sigh, from the time you
begin bidding Monsieur and
Madame good-bye until you take
your last look of the Beautiful City, with your
tear-filled eyes, from your railway window. You
go out of Paris, over which they say even now a
threatening cloud is hanging, by the Gard du
Nord at nine thirty A. M., if you are going to
London by way of Calais and Dover, and are
in London at exactly five P. M.

Again the ribboned fields of growing crops, of
poppy fields in scarlet glow, of stately elms hedg-
ing the beautiful roadways, of cottages and villas
and towns so beautifully made and so perfectly
colored.

You have for your traveling companions, per-
haps, a child traveling with her mother in widow's
weeds, and an elder sister midway in the teens,
also in black, en route for home after a two years'
absence in Germany, possibly since the mother's
widowhood. The older daughter has been study-
ing abroad. She looks as if she might be a

younger sister of the beautiful woman she calls mother, her great fluff of Titian red hair being only a little more lustrous than that which crowns in more subdued fashion the shapely head of the elder.

A beautiful child, especially if you remember dear ones at home, is a precious favor after Paris, where you've scarcely seen one, but have heard one miserably cry the night before, just when the shadows were deepening quite enough without the pang of a child's wail. You're melancholy at leaving Paris.

This one sits over next to the window opposite. Her hair is a tangle of golden curls, and her little legs show bare from the little white half hose that come only slightly above her shoetops. Her linen overall or frock is beautifully hand-wrought, and she finally grows warm and relieves her hands of their tiny open-work white gloves, and mamma puts up in the rack the large black Leghorn hat that has drooped and flared about her face all morning, a face that Greuze would have loved to have painted. She divides your gaze with the landscape, and by and by mamma opens a curiously-woven basket and serves a little refreshment

of seed cake and fruit, which, in spite of a certain air she carries of not being quite glad at the thought of going home, you all eat in a transient sort of happiness.

Afterward there's a little reading from some child's book, you yourself reading and the child snuggled up close to your side, her little soft white hand caressing your own now and then, and then she falls asleep, and presently the salt sea air blows in your face and the sea itself is in view. "Calais," the guard calls out as he unlocks your compartment, and a moment later you are on the Calais boat, bound for Dover.

"It's a good day for crossing." The weather bureau announced the fact in the morning newspapers, and without the experience of the "inevitable" sea sickness of the straits you are landed in Dover, previous to which the custom officers come on board and stick up your baggage with little red certified checks of the contents, which they have not taken the trouble, much to your joy, to inspect.

At Dover, and from it to London, one realizes how thoroughly England is fortified. The Dover chalk cliffs, in solid white, rise up from the sea

like eternal battlements, supplemented by magnificent artificial fortifications. From Dover you make your way up to London through long tunnels or deep gorges below the ground level, only now and then rising to the surface, enabling you to see a few farms dotted over with grazing sheep and now and then to catch a glimpse of a hamlet.

Whoever goes to London will find things not quite so well arranged on the trains as we have them at home. None of Miller's good men meet the train outside the city, and, learning where you are going, tell you which station you should arrive at and arrange for your luggage and your own transit. On the contrary you may possibly find yourself at the Victoria station when you should be at Charing Cross. You yourself, with the aid of a porter, must find a cab, and then, if you arrive in London, at the height of the "Christian Endeavor" season, and have not taken the precaution to secure lodgings, you may find, after you drive across London, up past Buckingham Palace, through St. James Park to Russell Square, that you have still quite a little riding to do before you can dismiss your cabman and settle

yourself for the night. Even the Misses Taylor, in Upper Bedford, can't any more than fill their beds, and "full up," as the London cabmen say, is the exact condition of the London hotels during the recent Congress of Christian Endeavorers. And even if there are seventeen thousand and more hansoms in London — and there are — one can't spend the night riding 'round in one, and notwithstanding that you can't have ink in your room for fear of your spattering up the dresser and stand and cloths, and are restrained in some other indulgences, you are still humbly thankful to find yourself put up at a temperance hotel, with a Bible on your table, which you don't read because you have one of your own, and the walls of your room all blotched over with choice framed editions of temperance and other kinds of mottoes.

A motto is a great consolation for a lonely, unimaginative woman — it gives her something to think of, — "What is Home Without a Mother?" or, "He Looketh on the Wine When it is Red."

A Day at Kew Gardens.



GOOD night's sleep is the very best preparation for beginning to see things in London, and after that, to find your way to Westminster Bridge and take the "Cardinal Wolsey" for Kew.

You can look about a little en route to Westminster Pier, going on the top of a 'bus to upper St. Martins and then on the top of another through Trafalgar Square and so on, arriving at ten o'clock, and having already concluded that London is a paradise for bill posters and that nothing less than plain straight out-and-out "Stick no bills on this wall" would prevent the Lord Mayor's house from being plastered all over with posters advising the use of "Nestler's Milk" instead of a wet nurse's, or "Koka for the Hair."

Even the 'buses are so ornamented with these placards that it's difficult at first to decide their routes, and a general impression is given that the princely yachtsman, Sir Thomas, is entertaining and all the 'buses are running to "Lipton's Tea," or at least are dividing their services with the "Tea" and the "Circuses," for pretty nearly everyone of them is running to some circus or

another, Piccadilly circus, Holborn circus, Blackfriars and Ludgate circuses. One woman who likes things to fit, wonders why—with so many circuses in town—there are not more parades in the street, and looks and listens in vain for the elephants and the brass bands.

The clock in the tower of Parliament strikes ten as the “Cardinal Wolsey” begins its serpentine course to Kew, passing St. Thomas Hospital, a string of red brick buildings on the left bank, past Lambeth Palace, past the Doulton potteries, still on the left, and the Tate Galleries on the right. Past Vauxhall bridge, Victoria bridge, Albert bridge, the little steamer modestly saluting each bridge by tipping its smokestack as it passes under; on by the Chelsea Hospital, Battersea Park and the famous Cheyne Walk.

On board the “Cardinal Wolsey,” among the pleasure takers, is the Head Mistress of one of the “Board Schools of London,” from Lambeth Road, going to Kew for a holiday, accompanied by a child, a child who is, after a fashion, the counterpart of your little traveling companion to Dover the day before, with the same flaring hat, the same exquisitely-wrought linen all-over and the little

nobby openwork white cotton gloves — you go the next day and buy the same kind of glove for every child that you love at home — she's like your little friend of yesterday, all but the face, that is not so Grueze-like.

Well, someway you attach yourself to another child, and the three of you, on arriving at Kew, step off the boat, have luncheon outside the gardens, at one of the little eating houses, and afterward leisurely make your way through the gates and through three or four of its buildings, notably that devoted to rare woods, and finally, growing weary, you drop into a seat under the overhanging branches of a tall elm. The child plays at your feet, and close by a London gentleman with his wife and daughter, out for a holiday, sits enjoying the landscape and presently takes up a chance remark you've made about Kew or the "War," or about how "America loves England," or something quite as pleasant to hear, and your Kew party has grown to a group of six.

You all go off together to see the Victoria Regia, and the Palm house and the Orchid house, your gentleman from London having taken his lessons in botany when a boy at Kew, and he

knows every shrub, tree and flower there, and loves them with a love born of life-long association. Many of them he himself had sent home from foreign countries, north and south—and from India when he was there in the East Indian service. Both himself and wife have turned themselves into your hosts by the time you reach Miss North's Museum of Pictorial Flowers, and after that they invite you to have tea, and order it from the pavilion served at small tables under the spreading oaks.

The child is not much used to tea drinking, particularly hot tea—and she makes herself the subject for gentle chiding by pouring hers into her saucer and thus drinking it. The chiding comes to naught, however, when her host, with the grace of a Chesterfield, accustomed as he is to dining at the leading clubs of London, and with half a dozen degrees appended to his name, pours his own tea into his saucer, lifts it to his lips and after drinking, says, “My dear, you have taught me a nice way for cooling hot tea.” And after a little the tea is finished and you all go off to view the wonderful Rose Valley, a valley where thousands of roses are in luxuriant bloom, flood-

ing the air with their perfume, trailing from overhanging walls, and brushing your face as you walk about in the shaded footpaths.

By and by you note the lengthening shadows ; it's time for the return down the Thames, and gathering a harebell for a remembrancer, you all make your way back to the boat, and so, on down the river, with the sun slanting more and more toward the west, and the cool air of evening fanning your faces. There's a graphophone on board, and somebody down its throat is singing "What is Home Without a Mother," and after a little, your host and his lovely wife and daughter disembark at Kensington. The Head Mistress and the child say farewell at Lambeth, and you, yourself, walk up the stairs at Westminster Bridge just as the tower clock of Parliament is again striking, this time the quarter hour of nine ; and then, by the two 'buses, through Trafalgar Square and from upper St. Martins, you arrive at home and go up to your solitary room to sit and read its mottoes, and wish the one about "What is Home Without a Mother" was a singing motto, and could sing itself as well as the graphophone did, and to reflect on your first day in London.



HOWEVER little one might have **London**
been tempted by the Paris shops **finery.**
this year, the same cannot be
said of London ; instead, with
the war in Africa and half the
gentry in mourning, Regent
and Oxford streets have been running over, all
summer, with all sorts of unused finery, which is
to be had at one-third of its original cost.

Even if you are well up in the computation of
pence, shillings and pounds, you make no sort of
reckoning between your purse and the things you
are inclined to buy, and do buy. When the bill
is figured up and you find yourself a bankrupt, you
just go and buy more things, and keep on doing
so as long as you remain in London. Such win-
dow shows of jewelry, laces, fabrics, mantles and
dresses, such novelties in gloves, fans and parasols,
such labyrinths of things for women to wear, and
to trim their houses with surely can be shown
nowhere else on earth, excepting always Buffalo.
Liberty's, Madame Garnier, Louise, her establish-
ment, strung all along Regent Street for half a
block, Peter Robinson, what palaces of fashion
and of beauty their names recall.

After a day in Regent Street, you find it highly agreeable to see how all this magnificent London apparelment looks on the English nobility, and although it is outside the London season, and the nobility is mostly gone away to their summer residences — the Queen to Osborne the Friday before — a good place for observation is afforded at Lady Randolph Churchill's wedding to Mr. George Cornwallis West, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on Saturday morning, July 28th, at eleven o'clock in the morning.

You are fortunate to arrive with a letter in hand from Lady Churchill, or a card, else you will make one of the dense throng packing the avenue from curb to curb the whole width of the church and beyond to where the straw bedding in the street denotes the vicinity of illness. In the throng are ladies arriving by carriages and on foot, hundreds of them, handsomely attired and many of them subjected to extremely rude and unchristianlike jostling and pushing by the extremely rude and unchristianlike vergers, all the more regrettable from the fact that the church is not a quarter full, only one thin first row in the gallery, and the nave of the church thinly filled at the sides and

back, whole seats empty, and the intimate friends of the bride and groom sitting together down in the central seats near the altar.

The previous Thursday's papers had announced the departure of Lord and Lady Cornwallis West, parents of the groom, from London to their estate in North Wales, which also announced their disapproval of the match to everybody who didn't already know of it ; and the absence of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who were in London staying at Marlborough House, also suggested that the Prince disapproved that which lacked the sanction of Lady Cornwallis West, who twenty-five years ago shared the honors of reigning beauty in London with Lily Langtry, and was a great favorite with the Prince and Princess.

However, there are present enough men and women of high degree to give the wedding countenance, prominent among them being Lady Sarah Wilson, nee Churchill, just returned from Africa, the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Marlborough, in lavender, with a black hat, heavily plumed, pushed forward on her pretty head, presaging the extreme autumn fashions. Mr. Winston Churchill is present, and Lord and

Lady Londonderry, Lady Londonderry wearing black lace over old rose, with any number of jeweled necklaces, with fan and lorgnette chains set with precious stones, her jewelry being only the counterpart of that worn by nearly every lady present, although the hour is morning. This abundance of chains also marks the rage for old necklaces, chains and bracelets which has set in, much to the joy of women with delightful barbaric taste in personal adornment.

The bride enters the church leaning on the arm of the Duke of Marlborough, who is bronzed and looks ill from the war in Africa, having just that morning reached London, invalided home, the groom himself arriving for the same cause only a few days previous. The groom enters from the chancel, accompanied by his brother officer, Mr. H. C. Elwes of the Scots Guards, joining the bride at the altar, the choir singing the beautiful hymn beginning :

Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us,
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guide us, guard us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee.
Yet possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Lady Churchill is in pale opal blue crepe de chine, with skirt gathered at the back and falling in demitraine, ending with a deep ruffle of old Cluny lace. The bodice is bouillioned in tucked tulle, with bolero and elbow sleeves, overlaying a pale flesh pink tint of silk, the sleeves finishing with undersleeves of blue chiffon. Her hat is toque shape, of blue chiffon, rim overlaid with lace, and finished with osprey feathers, rosettes of the chiffon, and a cluster of flesh pink roses. She wears magnificent diamond and turquoise ornaments in brooch and necklace, and carries in her hand a nosegay of pink tinted white roses, short stemmed and bunched tightly together, and not, as the London papers announced, "a shower bouquet of orchids and bride roses tied with long satin ribbons." As she reaches the prie dieu, which stands a little in front of the flower and palm-decked altar, she lays her bouquet down, takes off first one glove and then the other, and stands, beaming and happy, ready to be made the wife of the man to whom is accorded the distinction of being the handsomest man in London, and who himself stands beaming and happy, ready to become the husband of the cleverest woman in London, notwithstanding that

some of her worshipers feel they overestimated her cleverness, now that she has done so foolish a thing, as everybody seems to consider her marrying a man so many years her junior. There is a very genuine ring of certainty, however, in her, "I, Jennie, take thee, George," and in his, "I, George Frederick Milburn, take thee, Jennie," when the ceremony is being celebrated by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, assisted by the Rev. Baden-Powell of St. Paul's Church. The ceremony is somewhat lengthy, with much kneeling and singing, and then the registry has to be signed, the bride and groom finally making their exit, the organ pealing and the choir singing from the "Dettingen Te Deum"—Handel—and outside is the throng waiting for the parting glimpse of the most interesting man and woman in London as they set out upon their honeymoon journey.



HE thought that the world is **Down the**
small is not original, but it **Thames.**
often expresses one's feelings
on coming at unexpected
places on unexpected people.

It would particularly impress
you, if on a Sunday morning,
in London, a gentleman and
lady from Northumberland,
England, who spent the pre-
vious Monday driving about
Paris in your company,
should walk into the dining
room of your London hotel
and breakfast with you.

You are glad to see them
again, and having had a Mon-
day in Paris with them noth-
ing in the world could be
more desirable than to have
one in London, and no place
in London is more suitable
for companionship than the
Thames.

You take the 'bus for

Charing Cross, arriving for the boat at ten, if you wish to go down the river as far as Gravesend. It's a sunny morning, and the air is cool from overnight rain. The Thames is no stranger to any of your party, but your own education of the famous river has chiefly come through reading Dickens, and you fall by mutual consent to talking of your mutual favorite novelist and your mutual favorite novel, "Our Mutual Friend."

You yourself are not quite satisfied with the aspect of the river. It's a very different thing that Dickens has pictured. The river is clear, there's very little shipping, the wharves and sides of the river look safe and little likely to afford a spot or motive for tragedies and evil doing.

"We are just now coming into the neighborhood of Rogue Riderhood," says your companion, continuing his talk of the "Mutual Friend," "and its just about here that he used to tow in his corpses at the end of his boat hook, and below is Limehouse."

Presently you go down to luncheon, your little party of three seemingly the only ones who care for first serving. You are just tasting your soup

when "Man overboard!" "Man overboard!" and a running of feet toward the stern of the boat send the cabin steward, the chef and the barmaid on deck, yourself and companions bringing up the rear.

There, sure enough, is a man overboard, having leaped from the wheel into the water with the intent of ending his life. He is, however, now, with half-heartedness, attempting to hold himself up, and your own boat, with motion reversed, is setting back for him, the boat's officers shouting to a small boat, that has put out from one of the large vessels, to make haste. The deck hands are getting out the life preservers and the boat hooks, and when you come near him and have again reversed the boat, so as not to run over him, he has lost consciousness and has to be grappled for with the hooks and drawn on deck. The most violent methods of resuscitation are resorted to, to bring him to consciousness, a state, indeed, not yet reached when you leave the boat at Rosherville Gardens an hour afterward. He is breathing heavily when you take your last look at him, and you think, as you take account of his face and his powerful chest and bared arms, of how

little use has been his young strength. You somehow know he has been cruel to himself and to every woman and child who have, in any way, belonged to him.

At Rosherville Gardens you leave the boat, that your friend may revive some of his boyhood impressions of this famous resort. You tarry only a little, however, for you have no taste for "shying at cocoanuts," nor for "hitting the bull's eye," nor for sending yourself up in a swing, nor for having your fortune told, nor for dancing in a pavilion, nor for drinking lemon squash.

You do wonder, however, how so many mothers with little children, so many young women and old ones, can take Monday for a holiday, — particularly when they've made one of Sunday — and you also wonder how the lower class English woman works her figure into an exact facsimile of the leaning tower of Pisa, braced back on her heels, with a cavity where her chest should be. You think, too, that dentistry can have very little encouragement, save in the aristocratic parts of London, judging from the repulsive mouths of otherwise well-featured women.

You make your way from the upper side of the

Gardens and walk down the beautiful roadway to Gravesend, looking over the low stone walls and in at the gates of the handsome brick residences, each one having its name—"Holland House," "Westmoreland Villa," and others equally interesting—on the gate post, and you feel certain that life must have enjoyment, if not gaiety, in Gravesend. Beyond lies Hampstead Heath, and at the left the Thames. You have tea at one of the small eating houses, most delicious thin bread, tea that will be remembered as long as you recollect Gravesend, cold meat and an appetizing lettuce salad. After that you make your way to the pier and await the arrival of the "Mermaid," to convey you back to London.

Life in many phases is represented on the wharf, but your sympathies center round a broken willow carriage in which two cherubs sleep—cherubs that look like Raphael's, save there's no joy or gladness about them. Their chubby faces are streaked with dirt. Their closed eyes are black rimmed with soot, as are their cheeks, through which the hot flush of the hot day breaks in crimson, and their lips are full and red like vermilion. One is a baby in arms, the other has endured two years

of neglect and privation at the hands of the mother, who has left them now in the shadow of the pier railing, to be eaten by flies and subject to danger, while she idles and drinks in one of the nearby public houses. You have a branch of rosemary in your hand that you have just paid tuppence for at a little flower shop, and with this you brush away the buzzing insects as you bend over the carriage, a faint apprehension growing in your heart that the cherubs have been given some quieting nostrum, so heavy are their slumbers. You leave them, finally, to join your friends on the pier—leave them to the cruel guardianship of the still absent mother and to the tender mercy of the Father, which you silently implore in their behalf.

The river is not the Thames of the morning, but, instead, is filled with every sort of sailing craft. Just out from the pier is anchored the Champion Barge of the Thames, black hull and white rail freshly painted, and with her six proud pennons floating on the afternoon breeze. Six continuous years has she won the Thames cup, the last time on Saturday, just two days before, announced by the fresh new streamer nearest the

deck. The Jubilee Cup, too, is victoriously proclaimed nearer the top.

When the "Mermaid" finally arrives and you are started on the voyage homeward you recognize some acquaintances of the morning. The man who directed the resuscitating of the would-be suicide is quite the hero of the return trip, and you are told that the man himself is lodged in jail at Gravesend on a charge of attempting suicide. You meet, also, some of the belles of Rosherville Gardens. One woman, evidently having "shied at a cocoanut" successfully, is carrying home her trophy in her hand.

The boat progresses slowly, so full is the river of boats, men-of-war, training ships, merchantmen, steamers, vessels, pleasure boats by the score, skiffs, sailboats, everything that can go on water. It's a creeping in and out between boats and waiting chances to pass the bridges that belate you, so that the captain requests his passengers to disembark at London Bridge at nine o'clock, instead of at Charing Cross, saying it will still require two hours to reach the regular landing.

You make your way by the underground to Charing Cross and thence home on the top of an omni-

bus, thinking that you have seen the Thames according to the fashion of your expectations and, in a way, to confirm your belief in its supremacy in the maritime affairs of the world and also in the reality of its tragedies.



AVING gone down the Thames on Monday, you conclude to go up the Thames on Tuesday, and accordingly take the "Cardinal Wolsey" at Westminster Bridge.

Up the
Thames.

Previous to starting, however, just as you are debating whether to buy a return ticket for the boat or trust to the fates to bring you back later in the day by 'bus to Richmond and thence the underground for home, someone speaks your name, two friendly hands whirl you round, and you are face to face with Mrs. Randall B. Greene of Milford, Mass., who with her husband made the trip to Versailles in Paris with you ten days before. She with her husband is now going, as you are, to Hampton Court on the "Cardinal Wolsey" and will afford pleasant companionship for you all day and a safe convoy home by the 'bus and underground at night, particularly as they are staying in London, just around the corner from your own hotel.

You see the same things on the river, as far as Kew, that you saw on that first day in London, and after that the immense Thames steamboats' dockyards at Battersea, and on past Richmond,

bordering the river with its beautiful residences, its flowering gardens and terraces, its magnificent trees, Richmond Hill and the Royal Park. On past Buccleuch House on the left side, now the residence of Mr. John Whittaker Ellis, who purchased the whole of the Duke of Buccleuch's property, and gave up the Terrace gardens for public use.

In passing Twickenham you see where Alexander Pope lies buried, and Sir Godfrey Kneller, the celebrated portrait painter, and Kitty Clive, the actress, and you wonder if Kitty's ghost is as great a romp among the celebrated ghosts as Kitty herself was when she lorded it over the great folk in those merry Drury Lane days of hers.

A beautiful villa, known as Pope's villa, most beautifully set with flowers, shrubs and trees, just beyond, is the summer residence of Mr. Henry Labouchere, who, in addition to his wide fame as democratic proprietor of "Truth" and member of Parliament, distinguished himself in this country by standing back of Mrs. Langtry's early ventures on the stage in America, with his brilliant wife for her chaperone her first season out.

At Teddington, you go through the Lock, and are told that Peg Woffington, the actress, lies in

the Teddington graveyard, and you think that Drury Lane and the Haymarket have their people pretty well spread out along the banks of the beautiful river.

At Kingston, you have the history of the Saxon kings rehearsed, and are told that a coronation stone in the market place commemorates seven crownings of Saxons at Kingston, beginning with Edward and ending with Ethelred. You pass the Kingston Amateur Rowing Club and admire the little fleet of boathouses with their roof and balcony gardens and their windows curtained with filmy lace-trimmed muslin, gently moving in the afternoon breeze. A moment more and you are landing at Hampton Court.

You know all about Hampton Court, how it was built by Cardinal Wolsey for his own personal use, and how, when he had it furnished to his heart's content and ready to enjoy, his king, Henry VIII., envious of its magnificence, asked why so much extravagance had been expended, and was answered by Cardinal Wolsey, "To show how noble a palace a subject may offer to his sovereign." The armorial bearings of Wolsey are still above the entrance to the central court.

Before entering the palace you have luncheon at one of the cafés outside, and rest a little under the trees, eating cherries, and saying they are not half as luscious and large as the ones you had in Paris the week before. You enquire, as you enter the court, about the occupants of the palace, and are told that they are mostly crown pensioners, widows and daughters of noblemen killed in the wars, many recent additions being made by the African war. There are forty or fifty of these ladies of title living at Hampton Court now, one, Lady Grey, nearly one hundred years old, not being expected to live and having a day and night nurse in constant attendance. Each pensioner has her separate household and servants maintained at her own expense. Very little is seen of them by visitors, as they keep closely within doors, with drawn curtains, during visiting hours, and only walk in the gardens and about the paths in the late afternoon or early evening.

The galleries of Hampton Court are entered through the armory devoted to the display of trophies and munitions of war. From it, you enter the King's Presence Chamber and see the canopy which hung over the throne of William

III. Here you see Kneller's "Hampton Court Beauties" and Sir Peter Lely's "Windsor Castle Beauties." Room after room devoted to royal uses are hung with the works of the famous painters of all countries. Royal furniture, beds, tapestries, chairs, bronzes and vases ornament some of the rooms, and, when the feet grow tired of going in and out and up and down, you may make your way out by the entrance by which you arrived and take your way through flowering beds and shrubbery to the vine house.

Here you look at the world-famed grape vine, with its trunk fully a foot and a half in diameter. Only the root is to be seen outside; the vine itself interlaces and is trained about the sides and ceiling of a glass house, in such a manner that the bunches of grapes hang downward, this year twelve hundred bunches of these Black Hamburgs, and all designed for the Queen's table.

Outside, hanging on the brick wall of the palace, is a Wisteria vine not less wonderful in growth, a massive trunk from which rise three great branches, which lie like logs of wood against the wall, and run off into thousands of flower and leaf-covered branches, covering the whole side of

the building for a distance of a hundred feet and more.

You find on looking at your watch that it is time to think about returning to town, and you make your way out by the Lion Gates, take the upper seat on the omnibus, and so drive through the beautiful Bushy Park Way, lined with immense elms which extend in back on either side over acres and acres of grassy park, filled with deer. Through the most picturesque roadways, past picturesque, historic old towns, the 'bus takes you into Richmond, where you change for the underground, and by it reach London, and home, not later than ten o'clock. You part company at your door with your companions of the day, and think, as you turn from them to mount the steps, what a God-send they have been to you, and how good God is in everything.



FIRST visit to Westminster on a Saturday morning gives you not too much to do in viewing statues and tombs, for after a little of this kind of pastime you can go over to the House of Westminster and Its Neighbors.

Parliament and make a tour of that part of its interior open to the public, Saturday, from ten to four o'clock, being the only day in the week when visitors are admitted.

At Westminster you arrive, perhaps, to hear the last part of an anthem, sitting, possibly, in one of the little rush-bottomed chairs, with the statue of Disraeli looking obliquely down past you to the marble slab in the pavement bearing the name of his rival and opponent, William E. Gladstone, and you wonder, perhaps, as you look at the Gladstone tablet, if all those "horrid things in the newspapers," about the non-embalmmment of Mrs. Gladstone, who lies in this temple of fame with her distinguished husband, are true.

You eye the stained glass of the windows critically, particularly the one in the transept representing the Last Supper. You look with admiration on the columns of red and white alabaster,

to the fine wood carving of the choir, and then, as the service ends, you walk over the beautiful mosaic pavement in front of the altar and begin to look about for acquaintances, not, of course, among the living but among the dead. Acquaintances are not so hard to find in the flesh in Westminster, for standing just in front of you is Mr. Randall, organist of St. Andrew's Church in Brooklyn, and with him a young gentleman whose exploits at shovelboard you were watching in mid-ocean a month previous.

You see the monument of William Pitt, and think of those masterly effusions of rhetoric and oratory which the boys used to rehearse in his name, at school, on rhetorical exercise day. You stop a moment at the effigy which represents Lord George Gordon, and recall his fame, and then at that of Warren Hastings, thinking of his service to England when Governor-General of India. You look at their stone visages, and think of them and their companions in the northwest transept of Westminster as being fit in feature as well as intellect and valor to represent English greatness.

You look on the figure of Wilberforce, taking things easy in sitting posture, now that slave

emancipation is accomplished, and view the half-reclining figure of Sir Isaac Newton, and think how he mixed up your beautiful stars and moon, and the glory of the sun, in a bothersome science called "Astronomy"; you look at the slab commemorative of Darwin, and think of the chimpanzee you saw at the Zoo the day before, and wonder if he has at last solved the problem of man's origin; you leave him, still meditating on ancestry, and, being a Daughter of the American Revolution, read with interest the inscription to Major John André, executed as a spy in 1780. Britannia mourns above the sarcophagus, and no more tender, dignified inscription could be written to honor heroic action than that which immortalizes on his coffin his devotion to his country.

You run through a stanza of one of Isaac Watts's long-metered hymns as you gaze on his commemorative bust, and think the two go well together when you see close beside that of John Wesley. And so, from one to another of England's great men, you pass on to the Poet's Corner.

Some one has been there before you, for about the neck of the beautiful white marble bust of Longfellow, "Erected by his English admirers,"

is a half-withered wreath of cut roses fastened on the right shoulder with a tiny silk American flag, the flag telling you the visitor was a fellow countryman.

William Shakespeare is in this poet's corner in living marble, the altar-like pedestal is ornamented with the masks of Richard III., Henry V. and Elizabeth; Dickens's name is incised on one of the marble tablets of the pavement, and near him Sheridan lies. Thackeray in marble bust looks down from one of the niches; Jennie Lind is most beautifully immortalized in medallion, so, too, is Oliver Goldsmith; John Milton has something allegorical, something about an apple and a serpent, which makes you think of what slaves he made of his daughters, and that he had no great need to complain of women. Macaulay, Southey, Dryden, Ben Jonson, Garrick, they are all remembered here in marble.

At the closed entrance to the royal crypts, you give the verger a sixpence and join the little party he escorts, with explanations, from chamber to chamber, where, close together, lie those who in life were pestilence and poison to each other. Near the entrance lies Ann of Cleves, fourth wife of

Henry VIII., and, near by, her predecessor, Lady Jane Seymour.

Beyond lies the chapel of Henry VII., the first of the Tudors, who, by marriage, ended the War of the Roses. In this chapel may be seen, in addition to the monuments, some curiously-contrived chairs for throwing the occupants forward onto the floor if they forgot to sit upright or took the least possible bit of a nap during the long service. In this chapel lies Mary, Queen of Scots, and near by sleeps Elizabeth, a certain irony of fate suggested by the proximity in death of two women who in life had found the whole world not large enough for them both. At Queen Mary's head lies the mother of Lord Darnley, and you think as you look upon the tombs that you will read up in your English history on going home and see if Lady Darnley was a good mother-in-law. You admire the wood carving of the ceiling and the stained glass, and look on the tombs of the Georges, the Henrys and Jameses, and go on to other chambers devoted to kings and queens, coming out by the way of Mrs. Siddons's monument, which is recalled again later in the day, when you view those magnificent portraits

of the great actress in the National Gallery, painted by Gainsborough and Lawrence. You leave Westminster clear, perhaps, in a few things, that is, you can match a few of the monuments and persons, which is better than Washington Irving was able to do on his first visit, for he came away from the Abbey with everything in a mental jumble.

An attendant awaits you on your entrance to the House of Parliament to escort you to the House of Peers, with its scarlet morocco-covered seats, and into the House of Commons, done in oak and green leather. You go to the Queen's robing room, to the Peers' robing room, to the Victoria gallery and the Princes' chamber; you see the throne chair and go into Westminster Hall, famous for its death sentences, and, finally, when weary of all this seeing of men's effigies in stone and alabaster, you cross to Trafalgar Square, where the National Gallery stands, and stop for a moment to watch the children sailing their toy boats in the beautiful park, guarded by the four lions, Landseer's studies for which you will presently see in the Gallery. You pause, also, for a little refreshment in one of the numerous Trafalgar Square

cafés, feeling the need of a little setting up before the pictures.

It is in the National Gallery that you will see so many of those fine Spanish gentlemen, Philip IV. of Spain, painted over and over, Spanish grandees of civil and maritime fame, full length and half length, painted by Valasquez in his grand serious style. Murillo, too, is there holding up the eighteenth-century art of Spain.

The old masters are all there, Michael Angelo, in half-finished work, Leónardo da Vinci, with "Our Lady of the Rock" and others, Raphael, Giovanni Bellini, Fra Angelico, Andrea del Sarto, one portrait of himself; there are Titians and even away back to Cimabue.

You may here see Turner, whom Ruskin spent his later years in extolling, side by side with Constable, and you may possibly like the latter the better of the two — like him because he has painted Nature as Nature appeals to yourself — his Mornings are full of atmosphere and dew, with first sun rays streaming through trees and roadways; his Evenings all sun-glow and shadows, and trees and branches full of soft-swaying motion, and the coming home of lowing herds at milking time.

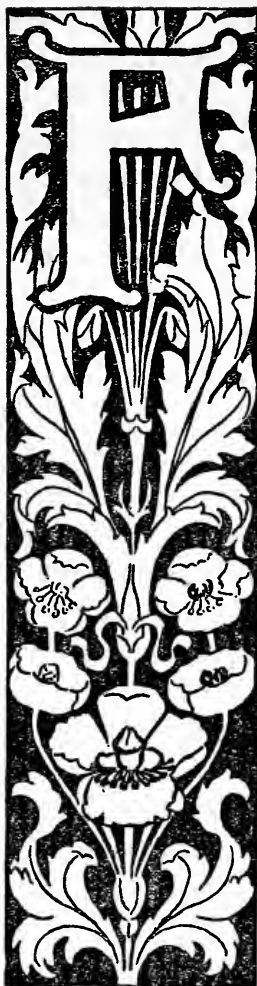
You look on Turner with the knowledge of his perfection, but his magnificent canvases suggest an indoor skill of finishing and perfecting which appeals more to the senses than the heart.

You admire Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits, one splendid painting of Samuel Johnson, one of himself, and of "The Two Gentlemen," and his "Heads of Angels." You look on the beautiful Gainsboroughs; one of Mrs. Siddons most beautiful, the great actress in an exquisite costume of white gauze silk, striped with pale blue, the stripes running round. At the open neck is a blue gauze fichu, with an inner folding of soft filmy white; a Gainsborough hat of black velvet flares about her clear-cut face, and a wonderfully painted muff and tippet lie carelessly in her lap, one hand slightly buried in the muff. You can see George Romney's "Lady Hamilton as Bacchante," which looks silly, instead of abandoned; you may see Lawrence's Mrs. Siddons, most beautifully painted — and also any other number of his fine ladies of the court of George III. You may see Hopner's ladies of title and compare the works of all these painters and judge which flatterer of court beauty painted most to your own taste.

There are Landseer's magnificent dogs of "High and Low" degree, and his horses, his "Shoeing the Grey Mare" being hung by Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair"; and there is Charles Dickens in his early manhood, painted by his friend Maclise. You see Copley and Hogarth, and scores of other great English painters are exhibited here by their best examples.

The National Gallery is rich in Rembrandts, two portraits of himself, by himself, one painted in his golden prime, one after adversity had set in. There are Van Dycks and Rubens, plentiful, from the Flemish school, and Franz Hals's Dutch Gentlemen and Holbein's German Gentlemen, so wonderfully painted, and all of them so beautifully hung that you turn from them feeling you have looked on the best art of the world.

London Darks.



FROM Russell Square to Hyde Park Corner by the Piccadilly 'bus affords an idea of the liveliness of one of the main avenues of London ; 'buses going each way, always to "the left," at the rate of forty to the block, as far as the eye can see. These are intermingled with hansom, cabs and private carriages, the London cabmen exceeding, if possible, the skill of even the Paris coacher by driving his hub within a hair's breadth, and something besides, of everybody else's hub, and always escaping with nothing worse—though that's pretty bad—than an exchange of those verbal courtesies peculiar to the fraternity of Whips.

You may look out for a little of the nobility on Pic-

cadilly. The Duke of Devonshire has his town residence up near Knightsbridge, and from the top of the 'bus you will get a view of the roofs of Buckingham Palace, where the Queen stays when in London, of Marlborough House, where the Prince and Princess of Wales have been nearly all summer, and of St. James' Palace, where the Duke and Duchess of York reside when in town, and where they were this year until the middle of July, when they went with their royal grandmother to Osborne on the Isle of Wight.

Green Park, filled with beautiful shade trees, its sheep and vagabonds lying around on the grass, the latter smoking, reading or sleeping under the shade of the trees, with St. James' beautiful park and lake beyond, lies to the left ; on the right, first Hyde and then Kensington Park stretch out as far as the eye can reach.

Hyde Park is very well known to you, even before you see it, with its Rotten Row, where the roadway is kept mellow, by constant working and watering, for the feet of the magnificent horses that are cantered or trotted over its aristocratic course, by the gentry of England devoted to equestrianism ; and with its driving circuit,

where from four to seven o'clock one may behold the nobility and aristocracy of London driving in equipages that exceed in beauty and magnificence anything that can be seen in any other drive in the world. Long Acre, with its row of carriage establishments, sends its most gorgeous turnouts to Hyde Park ; and Hopper, who built the Queen's Jubilee coach, constructs for Hyde Park riding carriages of as great magnificence.

Daily, when in town, the Princess of Wales drives here, accompanied by one or another of her daughters, and one may soon come to know by the fashions of their coachmen and lackeys, more than by any distinguishing feature of their own, the dignitaries of the Hyde Park Boulevard. Grand old trees, shrubs and flowers unite with lake, fountains and statuary to give to Hyde Park its world-wide reputation, a reputation which has been much helped out by writers of fiction, who have made Hyde Park and its horde of idle vagabonds the plot of many a harrowing tale and hairbreadth escape. The vagabonds are all there now, and may be seen lying about every day in the week and all day long, hundreds of them,

looking like nothing in the world other than animated bundles of rags.

You go from Hyde Park into Kensington Park and up past the beautiful new marble statue of Queen Victoria, the work of her daughter Louise, to Kensington Palace, and into it, where you view the paintings in the galleries, wondering why so virtuous a woman as the Queen should have hanging on the walls of the house where she was born the portrait of such a virtueless woman as Mme. Pompadour. You go into the room where the Queen was born, and see some of the bedroom furniture of that somewhat remote time; and also in the nursery, where her good mother, the Duchess of Kent, kept her loving watch over England's future Queen at her play, you see the dolls, the doll house and the toys just as if the child had left them yesterday, and would come back to-morrow to renew her pastime. One set of dishes in the old-fashioned mulberry pattern is the exact duplicate of one which used to belong to a daughter of the late Judge Dole of Wyoming County, and which is preserved in the family to-day.

You walk down the staircase which Victoria descended when she went to the room of state to

receive the announcement of her accession to the throne when a maid of eighteen, and you look at the wonderful paintings on the walls, commemorating her coronation, her marriage, the baptism of the Prince of Wales, when that prince of fashion was in swaddling clothes, of his marriage, and of many other royal personages and their royal doings. You also look out upon the gardens appertaining to the apartments of the Princess Louise, where she lives with her husband, the Duke of Argyll, formerly the Marquis of Lorne, so well known in this country from their residence in Canada. You leave Kensington by Kensington Park, that paradise for nurserymaids and children, down past the "Albert Memorial," and, if you are fortunate, you cross the street and enjoy a concert in Albert Hall with the Royal Military Band playing, before taking your place on the "outside" for home.

You see your last of Hyde Park on a rainy Sunday afternoon. A friend, who is taking the baths away off in Marienbad, Austria, has written you to accept her horses and carriage for a drive to Richmond, on this particular Sunday afternoon. She has advised you to start at three o'clock, have

tea at the Star and Garter and return home in the early evening.

The carriage arrives to the minute, but just before it the sky has clouded over and a light rain set in. "It may be only a shower," the coachman says, as he wraps his immaculate figure in a mackintosh and draws a cover over his shining hat, and when he suggests that you at least drive as far as Hyde Park before abandoning the journey, you get in and wheel away with a feeling that you'll soon be driving back again, so sure are you that the weather has set its face against your Sabbath pleasure taking.

You drive out by Southampton Row into Holborn, into Long Acre, out into Piccadilly, past Regent, Oxford and Bond, past Leicester Square, past Hyde Park Corner and into the Park, the rain increasing every minute.

There's nothing to do but return, and you do this by the way you came, leaving, as you alight, a half-crown in the hand of the coachman, with which to make himself a little comfortable after his drenching.

Twenty minutes later, in your room, you see the sun break through the open window the rain

ceases, and you think that of all the elements the weather is the most perverse, as you settle down to write letters home, thus turning your own disappointment into joy for those far away, to whom your least word is golden.

Your trials of the day are not altogether over, however, for you, who splash about and cover everything at home with ink whenever you come near an ink bottle, have persuaded the landlord of your orderly habits sufficiently to permit you to have ink in your room, notwithstanding the rules of the house to the contrary.

You get on splendidly for a time, but growing excited in attempting to describe a shawl that you found at "Liberty's" the day before, you fling a great black splotch in the middle of the white dimity table cover, and then all at once you realize what it is to be in London at a "Temperance Inn," where they refuse you even ink on the possibility of your doing this very thing.

According to your English-history reading, it doesn't take much to bring one to the block or the scaffold or some other dreadful end in London.

Like Bluebeard's wife of old, you set out to wash off the tell-tale. You are about as good a

laundress as Mrs. Bluebeard, too, for wash as you will, even till your fingers are blistered, the stain still remains, and is a menace to your peace, even after you have dried it at the gas jet, patted it into shape with your hands and given it a dab from your powder box.

The Queen's Stables



VISIT to Queen Victoria's stables at Buckingham Palace is easily arranged by writing to the Master of Horse, Royal Mews, Pimlico, requesting permission, and inclosing stamped and addressed envelope for reply. If you have previously chanced around by the Royal Mews, and verbally taken your instruction from Capt. Nichols, himself, you may, when you arrive, be shown some exceedingly pleasant courtesies. You arrive at Buckingham, by the Marble Arch, and down the Constitution Hill Roadway, where three times the Queen's life has been attempted by would-be assassins, past the front entrance and to the Queen's Row, south of the Palace, from which side you see the wooden framework for the awning erected for the drawing-room held by the Queen just previous to her going to Osborne this year. Stationed at intervals all along the way are the Queen's Guards in wonderful uniforms, increasing in splendor as you enter the Mews, where a functionary in red and gold, with white breeches and top boots, receives you in the secretary's office, and hands you over, for conduct through

the stables, to a lackey in black, with his tall hat rosetted and his boots shining like a looking-glass.

One hundred and twenty horses now occupy the stalls of the Queen's stables at Buckingham, the eight most interesting of them being the eight creams that drew the Queen's Jubilee carriage four years ago at the celebration of her sixtieth year of reign.

These horses have never been driven since, their lives being devoted to leisure, saving a two hours' daily health exercise. The attendant tells you that it requires two hours for one man to prepare one of the creams for the carriage; two hours in which their manes and tails are braided and plaited with blue ribbons so thickly that they show chiefly blue — a most effective preparation for the red morocco Jubilee harness, the entire upper part of which is cut out of a single piece of leather and so heavily gold mounted that it requires a strong man to lift it, the headpiece and breastplate equally massive and resplendent with gold. You afterwards see in the carriage house the magnificent coach — enameled in black, with the royal crest on the doors — in which the Queen rode on the day of her sixtieth Jubilee celebration.

You see both young and old among the Queen's horses at Buckingham, standing in beds of bright straw, which finish at the edge in a braided matting of the same, the whole changed daily at precisely twelve o'clock. The Queen's four bays, which always go in postillion, are of magnificent stature, something near eighteen hands high, the wheel horses in their prime, but one of the leaders beginning to sink at the back and otherwise to show signs of advancing years. Six black horses, for state occasions, are always harnessed in black morocco with heavy gold plating, and these, with horses for semi-state, divide the Queen's stables with those for equestrian use and for ordinary driving.

There are young colts undergoing the process of breaking for harness or saddle, a dummy jockey drawing for an hour daily on the heavy bits of those designed for riding, and an equally harassing contrivance for those intended for driving.

Many of the horses are accustomed to women, and are favorite saddle horses for titled ladies visiting at Buckingham, and these the attendant particularly recommends to your favor by bringing you into their stalls to pat their shapely heads

and stroke their glossy necks, everyone eying you with an intelligent acceptance of your demonstration of friendliness.

One splendid creature, "Swordsman," the attendant tells you, "is a great favorite with foreign princesses," as is also beautiful slender-limbed "Florina," in the next stall. Both shine like satin, and "Florina" half lays her head on your shoulder for more caressing as you turn away. There's a "Washington," too, in the Queen's stables, but he is rather ungainly and doesn't half come up to "Wellington" in beauty points.

If you have your knowledge of horses and your fondness for them lying on the surface, ready for use in making a tour of the stables, you may, possibly, on your arrival at the carriage house, sit for a moment on the great gold and enamel coronation coach of Queen Victoria.

"You've come a long way," the sympathetic attendant says, "from across the ocean to see the Queen's coaches," and here he throws open the beautifully-painted door and you, yourself, are sitting inside. You leave a piece of silver in the hand of your attendant, in token of your visit, notwithstanding the Queen's request to the con-

trary, and come out on the Queen's Row south just in time to join in a street parade of a dozen barefooted, untidy-looking children.

A cabman in front of the Buckingham Hotel is calling to one of them, "Take that naked baby home," and you immediately single out the child addressed, a girl of nine, who is crying at the top of her voice and snuggling to her breast a babe of six months, sitting upright and staring around, naked save for a handkerchief drawn over its tiny back. Its clothes make the wet bundle, which one of the girls of the company is carrying in her hands.

You set about knowing the occasion of this curious street parade and the crying, and learn that the children have been playing in St. James Park, by St. James Park Lake, and, "I left her for a minute," says the weeping girl, speaking of the babe in her arms, "and she fell in, and, oh dear! what will my mother do to me?"

"And, yes!" says a man coming up from behind, "and the babe would have been drowned had it not been for me. You were fishing and carelessly left it to look out for itself so near the water's edge that it rolled in."

You take up the girl's petticoats and wrap them around the naked baby, and, bidding her hasten home to her mother, press a shilling in her hand, to alleviate somewhat the tale she has to tell when she arrives. In return, you receive a look and a smile that tell you you have given her the very best passport to her mother's forgiveness.

You loiter a little about Buckingham, and wander off into Pall Mall, and finally walk up past Marlborough House, where the gates are just closing behind the carriage of the Princess of Wales, as she drives in from her afternoon airing in Hyde Park. You cross over and have a look at St. James Palace, the town house of the Duke and Duchess of York, and think how handy it is for the Prince and Princess to have their grandchildren so near, and then, coming out into St. James Street, as it is beginning to rain, you signal a handsome, and getting inside are enclosed with a glass front, which, to your mind, as you go dashing home in a pouring rain, is a far more delightful vehicle than the Queen's all-over-gilded coronation coach.

A Last Day in London.



VISIT to St. Paul's Cathedral, second only in size to St. Peter's in Rome, is the bounden duty of every visitor to London, and after you've sufficiently admired the architecture of Sir Christopher Wren, and tried to catch the secrets of the whispering gallery, and made a little excursion into the crypt with the verger, and looked at the tomb of Nelson, and wondered why he missed lying in that Englishman's Walhalla, Westminster Abbey; and after you've contemplated the statue of Joseph Mallord William Turner, and wondered whether the great artist would himself have liked Macdowell's stone cutting, and wondered the same thing again about Flaxman's statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and viewed the heroic sarcophagus of Wellington, and gazed on the statues and tablets commemorating the heroes of the Crimean war, and sat through the eleven o'clock morning service, just facing the splendid statue of Samuel Johnson, you will, not being one of the immortals, but altogether mortal, begin to think of an appointment you have with a friend for luncheon, reminded thereof by the statue of the great lexico-

grapher. Perhaps the luncheon has been arranged by a friend on the continent, and you are happy enough to have for your host Mr. Andrew Jackson Stone of London, whose wife is one of the charming daughters of Mr. Daniel O'Day, and spent her childhood in Buffalo in the palatial O'Day home in Delaware Avenue.

The luncheon itself is to be eaten at "Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese Chop Shop"—and when you have made your way through St. Paul's Churchyard, looking in the shop windows as you go,—for they are shops and Bon Marches which you view in St. Paul's Churchyard, instead of graves,—you arrive, by the way of Fleet Street, at 16 Wine Office Court just as the clock strikes the half hour after midday.

The reason that half after twelve is the exact time to cross this historic threshold is because at that precise minute the special dish of the day comes steaming from the oven — on Saturdays a beefsteak pudding, and on Thursdays a delicious beefsteak stew — and is served to your order by a waiter, to a certainty, the counterpart of him who served the great Samuel Johnson more than a hundred years ago, and, indeed, may date back as

far as the rebuilding of the Old Cheshire, in 1667, so perfectly in keeping are his looks and manners with the traditions of the place.

You cross the floor, carpeted with sawdust, and here your host says, as you sit down, "In the seat of honor"; and on turning around you see nailed up behind you on the wall a great brass plate, with the name of "Samuel Johnson" at the top and underneath an inscription setting forth his claims to distinction. You wonder to this day if your host gently directed you to that seat, or if you went direct to it yourself by natural selection.

You eat your luncheon and drink something — it may possibly be hock, and as you munch your old bread — they always serve "old bread" at the Old Cheshire — you look about you reflectively, wondering whether Boswell sat on the right or the left of the table, and if Oliver Goldsmith liked the cooking; and you also remember a manuscript letter of Dr. Johnson's you read the day before in the British Museum, wherein Mr. Johnson excuses himself from dining with Mr. Wilkes and Miss Wilkes on the following Tuesday, on the plea of being already promised to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, and also on the follow-

ing Wednesday, for the reason that himself and Mr. James Boswell are to dine with Mr. Parsash ; and you wonder if it might not have been possible that Mr. Johnson was not very fond of Mr. Wilkes and Miss Wilkes, and that it was at the Cheshire that both of those high-sounding dinner engagements were kept.

The London Tower is in the vicinity of Blackfriars, and from Fleet Street, by 'bus, is only a minute's time, and you arrive by the Lion's Gate, and after purchasing a ticket to the Crown Jewels and the armory, you make your way into and up the stairs of that palace of horrors where the Princes were smothered and pretty nearly every misery in the history of torture and degradation has been endured.

You look out the Tower windows on the Thames, as you mount the stone stairs to the cells of the prisoners of state, and go through the most wonderful museum for armor in the world, and you look at the Crown Jewels, and wonder if royalty eats more salt than other people, indicated by so many massive gold saltcellars. You look at the gold salver from which the Queen dispenses alms, and think what a magnificent sum she should give

away to comport with such a magnificent platter ; you look at the original setting of the Kohinoor and are not pleased with the great glass-like imitations which make the trio in the exquisitely wrought circlet, then turn away to descend to the open square, and stand meditating on the end of greatness at the little chained-in-spot of earth where Anne Boleyn, Katharine Howard and Lady Jane Grey were beheaded.

After that you look at the Tower ravens, and the attendant tells you that two of them are "more clever than the others," and you ask him their manner of exhibiting their cleverness, and he says, "Oh, they are not so distant ; a bit more friendly"; and you pass out of the Tower gate thinking that is the exact way with men and women, the clever ones exhibit their cleverness most by being "a bit more friendly, not quite so distant."

The British Museum in Russell Square may be visited en route for home, and here, whatever else you forget to inspect, remember the Elgin Marbles. Remember, also, to look at the statue of Shakespeare, in the entrance hall, a gift to the Museum by Garrick. One can spend a lifetime in the

British Museum and then leave things unseen, but a casual visitor may glance at the statuary, the King's Library presented by George IV., and the earliest specimens of book making — with all their gold tooling and blind tooling and stippling and low reliefs and jewelings, and you may see the Royal Seals and then, possibly, the manuscripts will afford the most interest ere you take your final leave.

You may have heard that the last letter Dickens ever wrote is treasured here, and you search it out, and find it was written to his friend Charles Kent, on the day before Dickens died — and reads :

“To-morrow is a very bad day for me to make calls. I hope to be ready for you at three o'clock. If I can't be why then I shan't be.”

Byron, too, has a characteristic letter, which shows his dependence on God, written in Athens, November 11, 1816 :

“It is in the power of God, the Devil and Man to make me poor and miserable, but neither the second nor the third shall make me sell Newstead, and by the aid of the First I shall persevere in this resolution.

“GEORGE GORDON.”

Thackeray, too, has a letter of his own color in the museum, written to a Mr. T. W. Gibbs on some passages in Sterne's letters and his Bramine's Journal. The letter is in this wise :

“However on that day Sterne was writing to Lady P——— and going to Miss———’s benefit —He is dying in his journal to the Bramine. ‘Can’t eat, has the doctor and is in a dreadful way.’ He wasn’t dying but lying I’m afraid. God help him, a falser man it is difficult to think of. Of course any man is welcome to think of me as he likes,—except a parson. I cannot help looking upon Swift and Sterne as a couple of traitors and renegades with a scornful pity for them in spite of their genius and greatness.

“WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

“September 12, 1851.”

You leave the Museum thinking Thackeray as masterful and handy at cutting and slashing among his enemies as in his books. As you have still one parting visit to pay before leaving London, —to “The Foundlings Hospital,”—quite near your hotel, you make your inquiry at the gate, and

though the hour has expired for receiving visitors you are admitted, and under the guidance of Charles Moxom, one of the foundlings, you go through this home for fatherless children. Your guide has mastered the rudiments of his grammar well and speaks his English with the "ow" and "oi" for o and a—and begs your pardon on occasion, with a running of the two words together and no harsh diphthongal sound, quite equal to the best London pronunciation. He takes you to the picture gallery, and when you ask him on what days the children come here he answers "never," and then he shows you the committeemen's parlor, and the boys' dining room and the boys' dormitory, with the boys' work trousers lying handy for morning use. He takes you through the boys' classrooms, telling you by the way that the boys are intended for the army unless physically disabled, in which case, at fifteen, they are apprenticed to tailors, and that the girls are instructed for domestic service. You go through the girls' room, noticing the Stars and Stripes on the wall wound with the Union Jack. You see them at their studies and go into the sewing room, where they are working at plain sewing and

mending, all dressed alike in a thick brown woolen stuff with a band of maroon at the neck and elbow sleeve.

Their origin and history are not interesting. Low, ignorant parentage on the mother's side, unknown on the father's. Babyhood spent down in Kent and Surrey, where the nurseries are, and rigid discipline and no tenderness for all their childhood days.

One child is bitterly crying as you go through the primary grade, and his teacher, not at first aware of your presence, is roughly scolding, each moment increasing his terror and tears. The child has not yet left off frocks, and his blue eyes look up to yours only scarcely less dimmed with tears than his own, and he pauses in his crying as you gently protest to the teacher's assertion that "he's a bad boy, always crying, and that crying is good for children."

It's a good way to recruit the Queen's army, you reflect, as you come away, and you shake the limp hand of pale, puny Charles Moxson, that he may hasten back to his band practice, and walk down the graveled path to the gate, half sorry that you spent your last afternoon in London

in a Foundling's Asylum, notwithstanding its new swimming bath, its chapel for worship, its picture gallery and the special patronage of the Queen.

**To Antwerp
by the
Harwich
Boat.**



YOU can't stay forever in London any more than you could in Paris, and therefore the hour for packing arrives, and somewhere near sundown you take a hansom for the Liverpool Street station in time for the Harwich train at eight o'clock on the Great Eastern Railway. You are not, you feel sure, looking your last on London ; you are coming back sometime to begin where you are leaving off, and to continue the delightful acquaintanceship that has so blessed your stay in London.

It is rather lonely, going out of London after the shades of night are falling, but you must go at night, if you catch the Harwich boat for Antwerp, which sails at nine forty-five in the evening.

The Harwich boat is restricted in its accommodations, you find, when you do reach it and make your way, with a struggling throng, to the saloon. If you have taken the precaution to telegraph for a berth, well and good, there's your berth waiting for you ; but if, on the contrary, you've trusted to luck, you will need to make some special requisition on your purse for the benefit of the stewardess,

or make your bed on one of the cushioned seats of the saloon, or, worse still, cross the Channel huddled into any corner or chair you find vacant.

In the stateroom there is not the leisurely going to bed of a longer voyage. You know you are to arrive in Anvers at nine o'clock the next morning, and, wishing to see something more of the Scheldt than you did on your first arrival, and hearing everyone talking about the "choppiness" of the Channel, you conclude your better way lies in making yourself quiet in your berth as speedily as possible.

There are, however, in your stateroom, those who are making great preparations for sea sickness, and inviting it with every breath, two sisters, en route to the Aix for the baths, lugging a whole bundle of musty old complaints with them, chief of which is their rheumatism. "They always are sick in crossing, and they are going to be this time," and immediately proceed to make themselves so by ordering from the stewardess strong concoctions of something to drink that fills the cabin with a smell of rum.

You run up the Scheldt in the light of the early morning with the sun rising from behind the low

level of the country and sending its glint over the picturesque scenery, the highest point being the Cathedral tower in the distance.

Again you see the windmills, the red-roofed cottages, the exquisite emerald of grass and tree, and the cattle coming down to the water's edge — a living panorama that can be seen over and over again with increasing delight.

You have a brief interview with the customs officers just previous to arriving at the Antwerp dock for the Harwich boat, two miles up from that of the Red Star Line, and you are scarcely at the landing before you are in the Queen's Hotel 'bus en route for one of the most comfortable hotels in the first city in Belgium.

You are prepared to admire all the quaintness of this old Flemish town, to see nothing but picturesqueness in its curiously-constructed buildings, the laying out of its streets, and its peasantry, but you actually see nothing pictorial, nor comfortable, nor necessary, in the clattering around the cobblestone street, of men, women and children in wooden shoes. You see nothing to delight the eye in a bleached-hair kitchen maid running out into the middle of the highway to wring her

greasy dishcloth, wring it, look up and down, have a word with a passing drayman, and then run back to her untidy kitchen again. Nor does it quite meet your taste to be obliged to step off the narrow sidewalk into the street in making your way through the principal thoroughfares because some housewife is occupying the whole space, sitting outside her door paring her potatoes for the midday family meal. It's the fashion to call these things picturesque, when seen far from home, but if you, yourself, don't care to, why then you needn't.

There are things, however, to see in Antwerp worth your while, and you have known long before reaching it that if you see nothing else you must see Rubens' masterpiece, "The Descent From the Cross," which hangs in the Cathedral. You should see this as many times as possible. On Sunday you may see it without cost, but on week days you pay a franc for its unveiling. You have been looking on the Christ faces of Raphael, Correggio and Da Vinci, and possibly Rubens' faces may not seem quite gentle and patient enough, not enough like the faces of Him who was the embodiment of love, to quite meet your

expectations, but you know that this is one of the great paintings of the world, and your opinion of one quality or another has no weight even with yourself. There is a small woman copying it as you stand in front of it, and one or two artists are painting in other parts of the Cathedral, for the Notre Dame of Antwerp has many splendid paintings besides its great one, notably "The Elevation on the Cross," "The Assumption," and "The Resurrection." It has, too, its magnificent wood carvings and its chime of bells, which, having once heard, you will never forget. You visit the King's Palace, the parks, the Zoo, the Musee of Peinture, the lace manufactories, and the Prison of the Inquisition, and here, after going through its old printing quarters, through its musee, its armory and chamber of implements of torture, you take your brass candlestick, with a handle like a frying pan, its tallow dip faintly glowing, and make your way to the dungeon below.

You have for a companion a woman, who makes herself the central feature of all her own sight-seeing. "Going to have a torch-light procession?" she glibly says as you go down the dark stone staircase, slippery with thousands of tallow

drippings from the candles of other sight-seers before you. "I wonder if the ghosts of the prisoners can see us now, and what they think of us?" she continues, peering around into corners and stone cells, where the walls are reeking with a slow oozing slime, and where you see the chains and rings that held those prisoners of state to their loathsome prison, and the hooks in the stone ceiling, where they were strung up for torture. "God forbid," you answer her, shuddering, "that the souls of those poor unfortunates should haunt such a spot as this, and, if they did, it is scarcely a curious woman, with a tallow candle in one hand and her petticoats in the other, that they'd trouble about." It rains when you make your exit from the prison, and you breathe a sigh of relief, for now you are going back to your hotel, your sight-seeing all done, and to-morrow you go on board the "Noordland," bound for home — home in America, a country for which you have new love and reverence, born of your journeyings abroad.

The Queen's, lying, as it does, on the quay, and encircled by street railways — the old-fashioned horse cars — has a large patronage, and in its

rather imposing and very artistic parlor many confidences are exchanged between those just stepping on land from long voyages and those waiting to embark for home, with their traveling in foreign lands all behind them.

One woman breaks down and cries at the first sympathetic word you give her. She has arrived the night before from a whole month on the ocean, sailing from Baltimore on some kind of a trading vessel. She's been the only woman on board, and, although esteeming herself a good sailor, she has been upset most of her voyage by the pitching of the boat, her berth performing the ups and downs of a teterboard, most of the time being straight up and down and she herself having to cling to the sides with both hands.

This, however, was not altogether the occasion of her tears. The present has its difficulties, she tells you. She has come over with half a dozen parcels, the largest of which weighs two hundred and twenty-five pounds avoirdupois. She's just been told about the restrictions as to baggage on trains, only fifty-six pounds allowed free, and in Germany, where she expects to travel extensively, things are worse than even that.

She's over to remain until away into December, and a suggestion from yourself that she store some of her luggage in Antwerp meets with refusal — she must have clothes, she's going to Lucerne, and Aix-les-Bains, and no end of other fine places, and evidently she's over to be seen quite as much as to see, and, therefore, must pay the price.

She has some other foolish notions that will cause her more tears before she gets back home ; she has, although she's been but one day in Antwerp, been around to Mme. Berbegette's and purchased a nice lace bertha of duchess and rose-point for herself, and another for her mother, and she's been to the silversmiths, and begun a collection of silver spoons, with one bearing on its handle the head of King Leopold, and she's going up to Rotterdam and to the Hague for a day or two, and expects to find another spoon with Queen Wilhelmina on its handle, and this interesting spoon fad she intends to keep up through all the rest of her stay abroad.

It's your last day, your last night in Antwerp. You are not sorry. You've not greatly cared for this old town much lauded for quaintness and for Rubens' house, and other things. Five days have

been ample for seeing it, and even now you find time dragging a little at the end.

You came principally because it was your sailing point—and to see the Cathedral. You've seen the Cathedral and, what's more, heard it—heard it almost continuously, or, that which amounts to the same thing, you've heard the Cathedral chimes day and night. At first you doubted your ears, thinking it could not be snatches from "Pinafore," and the light operas you heard the church bells pealing out, and were only satisfied that you heard aright, when told that the city, and not the church, owns the bells in the Cathedral tower, and that the repertoire of the bells is anything but sacred.

Your bedroom window opens almost on the Cathedral, only three blocks away, and there's a clear way from its belfry over the red-tiled gable roofs to your ear. Most of your Anvers nights have been rendered wakeful by the tuneful notes of its chimes, and on this last night they give you no rest at all. Your conscience may be uneasy from too much loitering in the old silver shops or from overmuch buying at the lace manufactories; whatever it is that's gone wrong, be sure the bells

will play the accompaniment to every perturbed heart throb.

You pat your hard pillow and turn it upside down, hoping to find a soft spot for your weary head, trying to drown the Cathedral jingle of "Old Grimes" by groaning aloud in language tragic enough for Shakespeare, "Kind heaven, what is the legend about Dutch feather beds?" And then remembering that Belgium isn't Holland, you give your pillow another thump and demand of High Heaven the reason why Flemish geese shed rocks instead of feathers? Just then, perhaps, you get a little nap and dream you are struggling with hammer and nails to crate the great "Cathedral Rubens," and awaken a moment afterward, always to the tune of the bells, crying out, "How in the world am I to crowd this life-size statue of Napoleon into my steamer trunk?"

The
Voyage
Home.



EVERYTHING comes to an end, however, and you are through with foreign lands and are set down on the "Noordland," bound for home. It is after seven o'clock at night, and it's raining; the boat is to sail at seven next morning, and at four A. M. the steerage passengers—nine hundred of them—come on board the boat in a pouring rain. They undergo a hurried, physical examination, their mouths are pulled open, eyelids lifted, arms and legs given a jerk, to see if they are all there, and then are shoved onto the gang plank that severs them from home.

You, yourself, have, on your arrival, been a little upset. You were promised a cabin all to yourself by the ship's company no longer ago than the day before, and exclaim against the untrustworthiness of men when, on reaching your state room, you find it all cluttered up with not only your own but some one else's baggage.

You recall, with the cold sweat on your brow, that cabin of four going over, when every woman of the lot had a silver-backed comb and no one could ever quite tell which was her own. You

faintly hope, beginning at once with your usual philosophy to make the best of things, that there'll be no silver-backed nonsense about this new fellow voyager, and that she'll not make your soap dish a repository for hair combings, and that she'll respect your wishes about individual towels, and that she's not tall and long legged like a stork, as some other ocean traveler you remember, and if she is, that she won't comb her hair attired in a modesty skirt that stops above her knees.

Your baggage is all accounted for, you've seen to that yourself, and it is safely piled up on the sofa of your state room, and, having nothing else to do, you go to bed, thinking the little welcome you have to give to the owner of the medley of all-overs, rugs and satchels piled up on your cabin floor, can just as well be given lying down as standing up, particularly if she finds you asleep.

You don't go to sleep, however. There's too much racing through the halls, and calling on stewards and stewardesses to be shown to state-rooms, and badgering them about lost baggage, to allow you to sleep. Finally, your own number is being sought, a knock at the door — it is gently pushed open by the steward, his own being one of

the three faces peering in. You think your time has come, and anathematize the steamship company as you think of the twelve long days and nights ahead, when, from the steward, "Is this your's, madame? this and this?" someone in the passage answering "yes" meanwhile, until the last thing, even to the silver-topped, pearl-handled umbrella is lifted out, and you are left with your own five pieces, and yourself in your own cabin for the whole of the blessed voyage home.

It is beyond you to realize at first that all your woes have disappeared in this good-story-book kind of a fashion, but when you do you spring out of bed to draw the bolt on your door, dancing meanwhile a gleeful little bit of a jig and fall to sleep thereafter, thinking if any corporation in the world keeps its agreements to the exact letter, that corporation is the Red Star Line Ship Company.

In the morning, although at the sailing hour, there's a great taking on and throwing off of bridges, ropes and dock appendages, and plenty of whistling and putting-to-sea bustle, the boat makes very little headway and loiters in the Scheldt the whole day through, it being impossible, with the low water, to get over the "bar."

There's a heavy wind blowing, which rocks the boat and keeps the deck drenched with the wash of the waves mingling with the rain, which has not ceased for twenty-four hours. You take out your heavy ulster, which has been lying wrapped in your steamer rug in Antwerp all summer, and, buttoned snugly within it, you brave the wind and water of the deck a good part of each day while the storm continues, as it is far preferable to the saloon, where the motion of the ship is most unpleasantly felt, or the ladies' parlor above, where half a dozen women begin at once to lounge in a frowsy state of semi-invalidism, which renders its air poison to you, who think sickness something to be kept under lock and key and not to be paraded in public places.

You take little thought of the location of your steamer chair and as little concern in your table sitting, save that you keep a bit away from the "tourists"; you haven't any ideas that match theirs, and feel a little tongue-tied on most of their subjects.

There are plenty of them on board, getting home from foreign conventions and from touring the Continent, spending two days in Paris, two

days in Brussels, going down the Rhine and up to Rome and everywhere. They've made splendid use of their opportunities and hold "quizes" each day at three o'clock in the saloon to keep from forgetting anything and to enrich their minds by the interchange of experiences in ruins, castles and cities, all of which causes you some pangs of conscience as you reflect how very much they are carrying home and how very little attention you have paid to improving your mind in foreign travel, and how few notes you have taken.

Indeed, you pay so little regard even now, after you have reflected, that you make the whole journey home without once having attended a "quiz," spending your time instead in idly looking at the water, gossiping with friends, listening to the singing of the prima donna down in the steerage, or playing a little at cards with half a dozen of the most delightful people in the world.

There are a few distinguished figures on board, Mr. Townsend of Philadelphia, American minister to Belgium, coming home with his wife and children for a three weeks' stay, having been absent almost continually for eight years. There is a Mr. Merryman, son of the beautiful woman whom

Pere Hyacinth, the brilliant Parisian priest, married a few years ago, and there's a reverend father, who held the whole boat's company thrilled by his inspired lecture on Abraham Lincoln in the saloon one evening.

The college boys, too, are getting home from their competitive games in London and Paris, the winner of the magnificent English sprinting cup limping with a strained ankle that lost him the victory in Paris in the Auteuil games on July 14th.

At last the voyage nears its end. There's been rough weather, with winds and rains and dashing sea. Your own flippant suggestion that "mal de mer is a myth" has been rebuked by a personal though brief attack of sea sickness. The pilot comes on board, and with him letters, telegrams and papers from home. Later, the customs officers arrive and are lifted up the boat's side, and with their coming up many feminine hearts go down, and the multiplication table and half forgotten rules in percentage are brought forward to help out an estimate of what one really will have to pay if the officers prove inexorable and insist on having every bag opened and emptied out on the wharf.

You've gone from America to Antwerp, from Antwerp to Paris, from Paris to London and back to Antwerp, and have not once had a bag, trunk or package opened, but you have heard a thing or two about New York that makes you uncomfortable, that and the official placard that has for days been posted in the saloon.

It asks you to make a list of the things purchased in Europe and prices paid, and to have this nice little inventory all ready for the officers of customs when they come on board off Sandy Hook. You, however, think best to let the custom house do its own bookkeeping and to take your chances when your turn comes for "declaring."

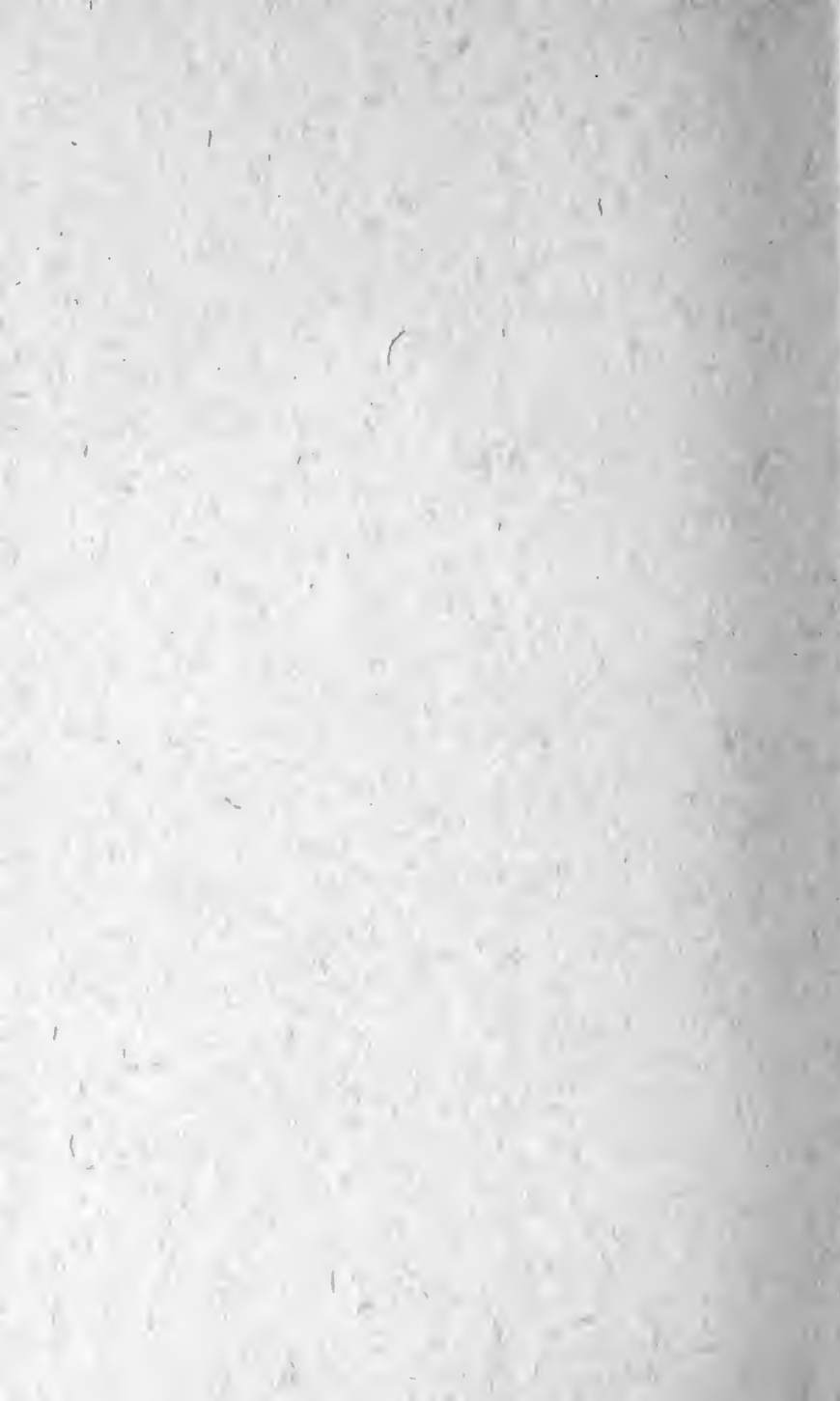
It's all over finally, yourself and yours are free to go your way, and you remember with a sigh the two and a half francs you paid for riding clear across Paris, on your arrival there, and the two and sixpence you paid for riding clear across London,—baggage included,—on your arrival there, as you pay the New York cabman three dollars to ride from the boat's landing to the Grand Central station, arriving there with just fifteen minutes in which to check your baggage and take

your seat in the train which brings you home next morning, with the sun shining and the whole country round about fresh washed with a midnight August rain for your welcome. You drive out Delaware Avenue, looking first from one window of your carriage and then the other, thinking, with peace in your heart, that you have seen nothing half so beautiful during all your travels.

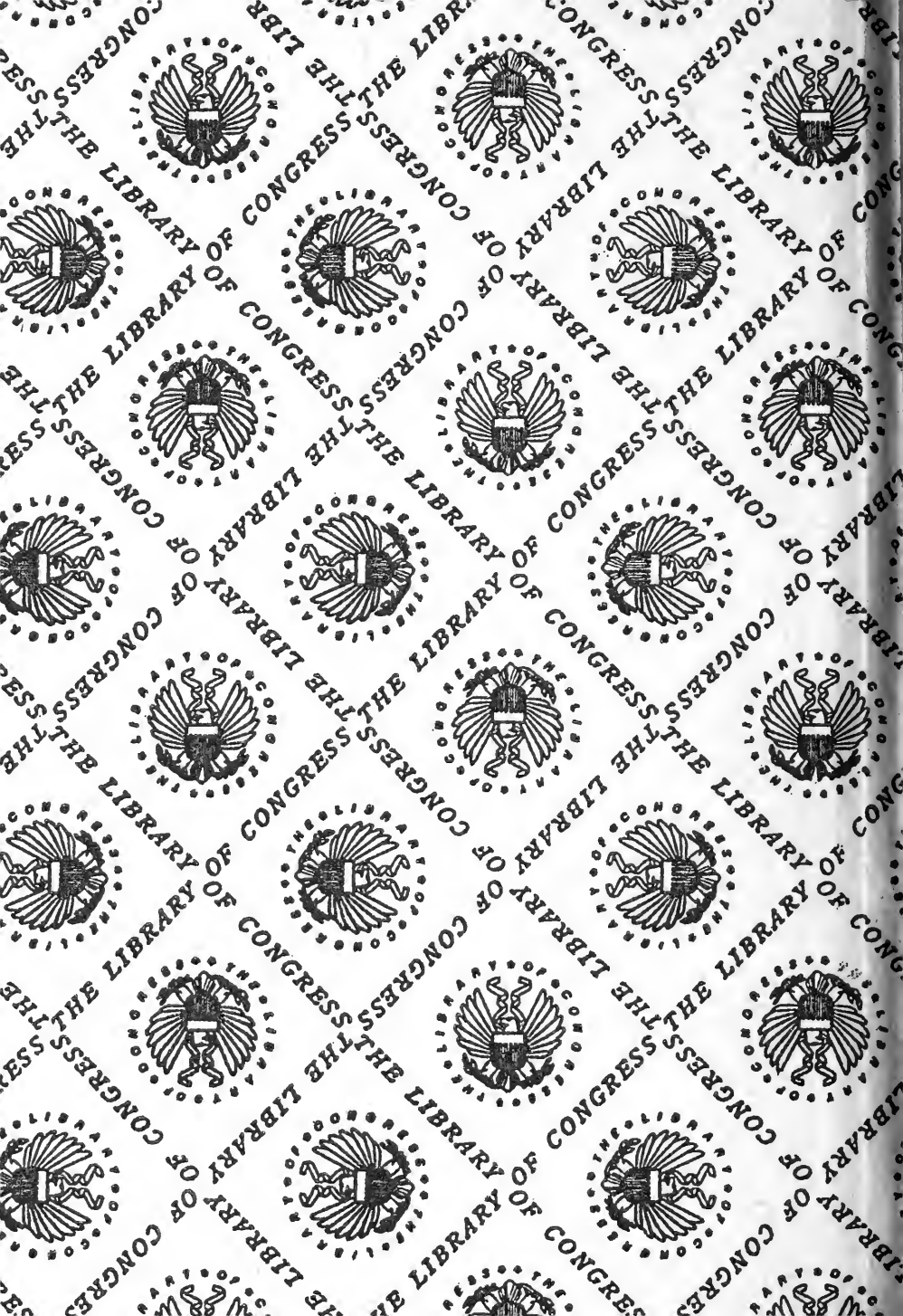
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